THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. B. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 115 & 117 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 10.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BENSON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The individual passing from the cabinet was the Marquis de Solomo, who about two hours after his return home had been summoned to repair to the palace and give the particulars of the cause of his duel with Don Juan.

"Whom shall I have the honor to announce, senor?" demanded the usher of the inner door.

"A stranger, who has come to inform his excellency of the cause of his presence," answered he in man-in-gray, with becoming importance.

"His excellency is very busy," said the usher, "I will bear it to him."

"You are at liberty to do so, senor!" said the man in gray, turning on his heel.

"Stay,—come back!" said the usher, coloring, as he perceived that he was understood. "His excellency is now at leisure. Your name is——"

"A stranger, come to inform his excellency of the address of his preserver!" repeated the man in gray, blandly.

The usher surveyed him an instant or two with an air of baffled resentment, and then invited him to follow him.

Half an hour later, the man in gray retired from the presence of the viceroy other than when he had entered the palace by a hundred crowns.

"A pretty penny," he observed. "To make no heaping one's eyes and ears open, and patronizing Honest Philip! I'll give him two candles a day for a week! Decidedly, Pequillo, boy—then set in turn luck, and can't afford, from this day's business, to have the jolliest drinking of any vagabond in Spain! But then last-not made thy last penny yet, boy! The notes of the Marquis de Solomo, who deserved his death—for his manœuvres prove him to have been an infamous spy—the notes of the defiance! Don Juan, I say, conquered the shrewdness of Don Garcia de Vega, if properly used, may also help thee to something handsome; yes, perhaps enable thee, with Honest Philip's assistance, to set up a line of dame-ces, where thou marvest gossie thine own wine all day long, and in time own bel steep thyself sober!"

CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

It is not for me to enter a lady's boudoir when she is dressing. She might not like it. In fact from what little we know of her sex, we are quite confident she would not. On the contrary, she would probably be highly indignant, and imperiously order us from the room. For the boudoir, in woman's eyes, is holy ground, and not to be profaned by the rude hands of vulgar mortals, who are inhosed from its precincts with a solemnity to which only the pen of a police reporter can do even moderate justice! Nor have we any right, that we are aware of, to take the liberty of intruding unbidden there. For what lady would like to have her privacy invaded by a great army of curious mortals? If dressed for company, she perhaps, might not object; since it is a weakness of some of the female gender to love to have their new dress looked at by both sexes, to fill their own with envy and to extract admiration from the other. But when a lady is in the act of dressing, the case is different. The she desires to be invisible to all but herself, and with whom she expects to wash hand in hand "adown the road of time."

For these reasons, we shall not peep or peek into the boudoir of Donna Isabel de la Mentera, the rich widow of the viceroy's late lamented, and though she had no occasion to employ any of the mysterious compounds which enabled her less favored sisters to pass for dashing beauties, was yet very choice of her private room, and who had no fashionables to see, and only amateur, that would feel an intruder down till, trembling with shame and confusion, he sank through the floor—a fate that we wish neither to the reader nor ourself. But however all it is important that we should bear a conversation that is being carried on there between the wealthy widow and Ximene, her favorite waiting woman, let us remain on the hall's mantle and fancy ourselves standing behind an invisible curtain where we can catch every word without seeing or being seen. In this way we can gratify ourselves, without trespassing on the lady's dignity or our own.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the widow's tresses were going through the hands of Ximene, a brunette of about eighteen, who was about four years younger than her mistress, and if not as imposing in beauty as the latter, was yet pretty enough, without the aid of art, to cause a stranger to pause and admire her jet-colored ringlets, her fine thoughtful forehead, her delicately pencilled brows, her melancholy dark swimming eyes, her peachy cheek, her small ruby lip, and her modest form in which grace contested the palm with symmetry. Her spotless reputation, her modesty, truthfulness, neatness, and, though lowly born, native refinement and good taste, had recommended her to her mistress, who had become much attached to her, and treated her more like a confidential pet than a servant. She was pleased with her good judgment also, which, coming more from a delicate intuition than a carefully noted experience, was generally found to be astonishingly correct, particularly in reference to men—a subject which exercised the mind of the young widow not a little. This was also owing as much to a special fondness for gentleman's society, for the lady was heart-free, and had but a poor opinion of men generally, as to her politics, which appeared to force them before her; beauty and wealth being, when united, attractions too powerful for poor, weak man, who instinctively bends in homage to both. As the latter so expressively informed the man in gray, she was literally run down with suitors, and so every body seemed to regard it as settled fact that it was her duty to marry again, and thrice to make sure her individual happy, she very cheerfully fell into the habit of wondering who that individual should be.

"What new thought have you, this morning, Xi?" she asked, pleasantly.

"No new thought, my lady," answered the waiting woman.

"What old one, then?"

"No old one, either."

"In that case," said her mistress, "you perhaps can tell me whether the person in the mysterious stranger has yet been discovered?"

"Not yet, my lady; at least so Peter the milliner, who appears to know every thing that is passing in Toledo, informed Lucetta, an hour ago, as he handed her the milk."

"He is a brave fellow, whoever he be," remarked the widow. "I could almost love the man in a fit of brave him. I have been thinking whether he could be in my train. But I cannot call to mind one sufficiently bold of heart to perform so daring a feat, unless it be Gonsalvo. Can it be he, think you?"

"I fancy not," replied Ximene. "The marquis is so well known that if it had born he, his name would not be involved in the present mystery."

"True. That thought did not occur to me. But what opinion have you of Sortuno? Is he not a proper man?"

"He is resolute in what he once concludes to do, and has in him the elements of a successful soldier; is brave, honorable, and, when allowed to have his own way, very pleasant and even-tempered; but, once crossed, is impatient till he is avenged. Do you affect him, my lady?"

"My heart beats as calmly in his presence as in his absence. Is that a sign?"

"Not of love, my lady."

"Hist of Don Juan?" asked the widow.

"A proud, haughty man; courteous, but selfish; jealous, bitterly disdainful and malicious; imperious, too, and self-willed; if entrusted with authority would make a tyrant. Were a lady mad enough to wed him, her love would expire with betrothal or the end of the honeymoon."

"A pleasant fellow, truly!"

"He is improved you favorably, my lady?"

"I daily see him that pleases me, and he none that please me less!"

"I have felt from the first," said the waiting-woman, "that you were in no danger from his visits, or I should have warned you."

"How could you warn me, Xi?"

"Mine, my lady!" said the waiting woman, her former confidence giving place to blushing timidity.

"Yours, girl! You never have visitors, that I am aware of, but then it does not follow that you have no suitors."

"I have neither visitors nor wooers, my lady," answered the waiting woman, in confusion.

"What! with your beauty and at your age?" laughed the widow. "Fie, girl!"

"I could have both, if I were willing," said the waiting woman; "but they would be like those who swarm about you, my lady: persons in whom I could feel no interest."

"Could I?" repeated her mistress. "That implies that your affections are already engaged?"

"No, my lady," stammered the waiting woman, *in confusion, "not engaged!"*

"But upon some one, then?" said the widow. Ximene was too disturbed to answer.

Her hitherto complexion in an instant that her favorite was the victim of an unreturned attachment.

"Xi?" she exclaimed, with mingled kindness and reproach, "why have you kept this from me?"

"Do not ask me, my lady!" answered the waiting woman, the fingers of her eyes glistening with tears, and her voice broken with convulsive sighs.

"Am I unworthy of your confidence?" demanded the widow. "I have given you mine!"

"You have ever been very kind to me, my lady, and I appreciate and am grateful for it; and if I could do anything or under any sacrifice to show how much I am of your gratitude, say——"

"Nonsense, Xi!" smilingly interrupted the widow. "I have your heart, or I had never cherished you to your present position. But tell me of him you love. Who is he—what does he follow for a living? Is he a toiler for bread or a gentleman?"

"A toiler, my lady, and a gentleman, too," answered the waiting woman, with a deep blush.

"But, both?" inquired her mistress. "Some unfortunate nobleman whom fickle fortune, having no regard for his merits, has driven to earn his bread?"

"No, my lady. Like me, he is of humble birth, or I had not dared to let my heart go out to him in hope."

"He is handsome?" asked the widow.

"I think him so. Indeed, I never have looked upon his like. To me he seems a lord of nature, who, moulding him, had fallen in love with her own work and finished and set him forth that he might shine as a star among men."

"Poor Xi!" observed the widow. "You are infatuated, and see with blind eyes. You are magnifies the merits of the object of its passion above all his proper worth. Is he a man that you could not live unknown to fame, and yet I have never heard of him. But even if he be as handsome as your imagination, and as noble and brave, and you should give your heart to it. It is worth, Xi!—worth that makes the man, after all. A suitor who has no other qualities to recommend him than a pretty face and a good figure, has but little to please himself upon, in my eyes!"

In the man I speak of his beauty and manly carriage are the least of his merits, my lady."

"Indeed, girl! You interest me! I shall rejoice to find him worthy of you. Can he bear himself bravely and with dignity among men? Can he retain himself in the great affairs of life, as well as dance and sing? Can he be a man both abroad and at home; a match in peace, a fire in war? Can he endure petty every day trials without losing his temper? Can he rise pleasantly from the duke of a lady, and resent an injury or insult a refractory servant, and then return tranquil and smiling to the lady, and without offending you vex the of the interruption to linger in his face or manner? And is his mind so ripened by culture that a refined and thoughtful lover could find in it fit with confidence to preserve her from *ennui*? A man must be all this to come up to my standard; and if your handsome cavalier fall below it, he is unworthy of your affections, and unfit to have the keeping of so important a thing as your happiness, and you had better dismiss him."

"He is not a every-day fellow," said the waiting woman, proudly. "He is as far above the crowd of silken popinjays that daily dance attendance on Toledo's fair oneress, as is the eagle above lesser birds. And if he were mine, I should regard myself as the happy with of the heaven and best esteem man in all Spain!"

"You rate him high, Xi!" observed her mistress. "But you say if he were yours!... Know he not of your love?"

"No, my lady."

"How is this, child!" exclaimed the widow, in surprise. "Is it prudent to place your affections on a gentleman, unsolicited?"

"Can we control our hearts, my lady?"

"I am sure we ought, girl!"

"Oh! madam," returned the waiting woman, shaking her head with a sad smile, "you know but little of love. It is not a thing that comes and goes, or rises and decreases in stature, at our bidding. Like the mind, we know that we are under its influence, but how or when it was born, or how from a pleasing thought it grew till it became our ruling spirit, who can tell? We only know that we are under its spell, and that we live thenceforth only for him whom dear image it has set up in our heart. He is our all—our only love and hope—our second self. His thoughts, feelings, tastes are ours, as if they had been born with us, and were part and parcel of our nature. When he speaks, he but expresses what we could have said, if he had not; when he is sad, we are unhappy also; when gay, the lark that sings to heaven, when first the morning sun begins to gild the sky, is not as blithe as we. Come homes to him!—he lays that desk he loves, giffens, fo sympathy, like a coronet, upon ours. Come storms upon him!—we stand with him under the clouds, endure with him all the frownings of their cold and rain and sleet, and smilingly encourage him to bear up till sunshine comes again. Pale sickness upon him!—we nurse him back to health. Persecution—death!—we share them with him, and know no joy so great as that of bearing with him the worst that would be dark without him."

"Mad, girl—dark, staring mad!" cried the widow, clapping her hands and making the chamber ring with her laughter. "Come, come, Xi! don't cry. I would not wound you, you know, for any sum. But my affection for you prompts me to say that the sooner you banish your fancy for the unattainable Adonis, the better it will be for your peace. Handsome men are invariably vain, and vain men are selfish creatures. Wives with handsome husbands, so far as my observation extends, lead very miserable lives. Be assured, Xi, that the man with a wife of man's face, and set your cap for some common mortal, who is well to do, and whose features are homely enough to frighten his looking-glass into pieces, and your future happiness will be good. But a *handsome* husband! may the saints preserve me!"

Poor Ximene! This sailing at her virgin love was too much for her. She gave up dressing her mistress's hair, which, indeed, she had just finished, and seating herself on a footstool, bent her head upon her lap and wept.

The widow was touch-d. Rising, she approached her favorite, and encircling her neck with her arm said:

"Nay, Xi! you know I would not wound you. If your heart is set irrevocably upon this man you shall have him, if power of mine can compass it. Come, look up, with one of your brightest smiles, and tell me his name? Who knows, I may not be set about it, what we two can do? Come, Xi! who is he?"

"Leon!" faltered the wailing woman, timidly.

"Hey-day, girl!" cried the widow, with affected displeasure. "My secretary!"

"Do not betray me, my lady," cried Ximene, hastily looking up with a tearful blush.

"Tut, tut, Xi! Are you not as my own sister? Smile, girl—for, as I live, Leon shall be yours, or no one! A pity if two hearts cannot bring about so simple a matter, when ordinary girls compass them with one! Leon shall be yours. Now, be happy!"

"Hist!" repeated the waiting woman, shaking her head, as if she thought so great a joy could not be for her.

"Yours, girl. Have I not said it? His doom is writ. He shall fall before the united schemes of an artful widow and a love-lorn maid! How now?"

"O, my lady!" cried an attendant, rushing hurriedly into the room, "Leon—poor, innocent Leon—is arrested!"

The widow glanced at Ximene, who was like one transfixed and pale as marble.

"Arrested!" repeated her mistress, with the calm dignity which she only put off to her favorite. "For what?"

"I know not, my lady," answered the attendant. "The officer is below, waiting for Leon to accompany him."

"Waiting!" muttered the widow to herself. "Then the danger is not imminent; for no officer masters the messengers of justice do not 'wait' for prisoners." Then addressing the attendant, she said, aloud: "Retire. I will see this officer."

The attendant withdrew, with an uneasy brow, whose expression did not escape her mistress.

"So, so!" she murmured. "Ximene is not alone in her attachment for my secretary! The fellow is bewitching all the household. I must see to this!" Turning to the waiting-woman she inquired, "Xi, will you go down with me?"

"I have not the courage, my lady," stammered the latter, shrinking back.

"Enough, girl. I understand you. Remain here till I return!"

On reaching the hall the widow observed the officer standing in the door.

"What is this I hear, senor?" she demanded with dignity. "My secretary arrested!"

"Who says that, madam?" returned the officer. "De I look like an signail?"

"He is not arrested, then?"

"No, madam. He is simply requested to appear without delay before his excellency the viceroy?"

"For what purpose, senor?"

"That is not for me to say, madam."

"But you know?"

"I may," answered the officer; "but when on duty, my instructions are to say what I am commanded."

"If you were not on duty, senor, you would doubtless have some consideration for a lady!"

The officer looked down thoughtfully, as if debating how far he could venture to trifle with widow's curiosity without violating the discipline of his office. At length he appeared to see his way. Stepping aside, he pointed to a vehicle in the street, which was barely visible through the trees that lined the garden facing the house.

"Do you see that carriage, madam?"

"I do."

"It is his excellency the viceroy's."

"Well, senor?"

"His state carriage," added the officer. "In the front seat are three persons—the Duke de la Rocca, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, and the Count de Ximenez. In the rear seat—the post of honor—as you will perceive, madam, being vacant."

"And who is to occupy the seat of honor, senor?"

"The brave gentleman who, yesterday, at the hazard of his own life, preserved that of my excellency the viceroy?"

The widow understood him; but could not speak for surprise.

"I am ready, senor!" said a voice, which the reader knows.

And the secretary, for it was he, moved past her to the street.

The widow devoured his receding form, with her eyes, till, through the trees, the carriage door was entered the carriage and take the rear seat. The officer stationed himself beside him, and giving a sign to the driver, the vehicle moved off.

The widow watched it till it disappeared, and then shoved, pale and thoughtful, into the door. As she turned she beheld the waiting woman, who, having gained the landing, had been a silent witness of the scene, standing on the staircase, and observing her with an air of mingled anguish and reproach.

The widow, on catching her glance, haughtily drew herself up, and then retired to her own room, coldly closing the door behind her.

The waiting woman, after a pause, and quivering in every limb, reeled like a drunken thing up to her own apartment, and dropping on her bed, gave way to the heart-rending accents of one stunned by some great calamity.

—BY ROYAL!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING'S BOX.

About a week after the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, a woodman of noble stature, and with a countenance where intelligence and expression was far above his station, might have been seen making thoughtfully homeward by the path of a wildly-branching oak that stood in the bosom of a deep wood, which the axe, in the hand of skilled labor, had not yet laid low. The wood was dense, and shady walks. Dimly, and at scattered distances, might also be seen, through the trees of lonely bowers, the echoes of whose regular strokes fell mournfully on the ear, and told that the dense silence that otherwise would have been oppressive to the woodman, judging by the iron gray that intermixed with the black in his short beard and close-cut hair, was in his fifty-fifth or fifty-seventh year. His features were fine, and his nose Roman, and his large dark eyes, in whose amber depths lurked a strain of disinherited thought, long slightly solemn, giving to his general air a dignity that rendered it somewhat cold and forbidding. He wore a flat round cap, with a heron's feather; a tunic, of coarse blue stuff, which was girded to his shape by a leathern belt, from which hung a trimming-axe, whose short handle curved towards the end; close-fitting pantaloons, covered here and there; and russet boots, whose broad, roomy tops rose above his knees. His aspect, in the main, was that of one whom experience had wounded and embittered, and who was unwilling to share his

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO AND HER MAID, XIMENE, IN THE BOUDOIR.

thoughts with those among whom his lot was cast, and to whose spheres he had voluntarily descended.

But little are knows of him, save that he, some twenty-two or three years before, had come to the estate, which belonged to the father of the viceroy's late counsellor, and asked for work as a common laborer. That a week or two after his engagement, he was followed by Maella and exhibited a conversation and manner announced them, notwithstanding their disguise, to be persons of consequence. That his wife died a year or two after her arrival, and that no one was permitted to be present in her dying hour save the confessor, who, it was observed, ever after treated the widower and his son with unusual distinction. That the estate was at that period very badly managed, and scarcely allowed a living to its owner, but on his death discharged his manager and overseer, and promoted Juan Varella, the widower, to his place; where he stands a change easier even than to the face of affairs. The workmen, who had formerly been in the habit of doing pretty much as they pleased, now learned that they must obey orders to the letter. If any failed to do this to reason was asked and no excuse received; but on the following Saturday night the delinquent received their wages and were dismissed from the estate. The men at first were disposed to murmur at this, and now and then one was inclined to be insolent, and so to get a new manager to stay outside of the little box in which he had formerly presented. Juan Varella was not one to wait twice for such an invitation, and three or four instances of this ability and decision to make certain the dignity of his office were enough. Thenceforth the estate grew thrifty, the family wealthy, and the new manager held in a degree of respect and importance. It was noticeable, however, that he never attempted to promote upon his prosperity, or to make liberties with the family, nor allowed the familiarity to take any with him. He was civil, but reserved; distant even to draw him into conversation for the purpose of gaining a clue to his past history; he, if he chose, abruptly quitted the room, and if in the field, hastily turned upon his heel. At the death of his owner, the estate fell to the only child of the viceroy's counsellor, who was glad to retain so desirable a manager, and who to make his son Leon, his private secretary.

This is all that was known or could be reported of the head woodman, who, as we have said, was leaning against a stalwart oak, and over and over thoughtfully plucking scattered, as he spoke, the acorns one from that direction.

Glancing up at length at the protruding limb of an adjoining cypress, he muttered, impatiently,

"The sun has passed the knot, and yet he comes not. He can not have deserted me."

A soft tread behind fell on his ear, and quickly turning, he beheld his son.

A shade of disappointment flitted across his brow. But it was only for an instant. The cloud of doubt and care around his mouth and knuples, caused; the tanned hue of age displaced by that of youth and sunny freshness of youth; the sharpness of his general features softened to very manliness of beauty, and the young frame covered with smoother flesh; in short, eyes free from air of suspicion; his form that of vivid of spirit, perfect health, and his very voice succeeded by one of a rational smoothness, strength and ringing clearness, that seemed to belong to the

"I am sure you have been waiting for me, father," said the young man, with a kindling eye, "I will not say three days. But, as I am a man, they will not do it a moment longer."

"You wear a rapier now?"

"And why not, sir, I know the use of it?"

"Doubtless," moved the woodman. "But it may be, boy, you foolishly design to inaugurate a new era; to show, in your own person, that you despise and set at defiance the established rules of society in regard to serving-men?"

"Is this well, sir?" asked the young man. "Though you have no right to interfere in my affairs you please, yet is it magnanimous to show that right? Is it not something else as well to your dignity as mine? Why do you use me thus? Have I failed in the duty and respect due from a son to a father?"

"You are bringing shame upon me," said the woodman, briefly.

"I, sir?" said Leon, starting in surprise.

"A boy's indiscretion is a heavy charge for one so far above you."

"I have mentioned it to none but yourself, sir. Nor would I have pained even you with it, had you not, in one of my weekly visits, caught her name upon my lips in my sleep, and demanded its meaning."

"Leave and mate, if you will," said the woodman, testily, "but let it be with your equal. How can you expect to rise in the world, or even to maintain once became known to the lady's household?"

"It never will become known to them, sir!" said the young man.

"A boy's confidence!" exclaimed the woodman, his lip curling with mingled scorn and impatience. "Demand his love forever, and he will not say or do the laughing stock of all Toledo."

"I cannot, sir!" answered Leon, pale with emotion.

"Cannot what, boy?"

"Descend in love to my own social level. It would I am above that level. I know it, feel it; and my spirit is chafing under the sense of the position in which it was born, and soars above it in a sphere worthy of its aspirations. I have mounted to the height and altitude, and the length and breadth in intellectuality of those in my own station with that right. I have studied, and their philosophy can be below mine ours that I can take no pleasure in their company, or feel any especial delight among them. They call me proud; and so I am: but according to their meaning. I must associate with minds that are up to my own in intelligence and thought, or with none. To descend to inner ones, is misery."

"Lower?" repeated Leon. "O, sir, you, too, must have experienced this feeling; for from all on this estate, you cannot select one worthy to exchange thoughts with you. Even in the case of your lovely love society, you would not or sternly keep aloof from them, for you know that you are far above them, and you know and feel it also."

"No more of this, sirrah!" said his father, haughtily.

"It is not my purpose to offend you, sir, with superficial conversation, and shall not allow it to do so, but, so far as may be, to vindicate myself."

"Enough, boy," said the old, will you pursue this absurd passion?"

"I can not, sir," said Leon.

"Cannot?" said the woodman, in derisive astonishment.

"No, sir," returned Leon. "To please one to whom I am so greatly indebted—for I cannot forget your kind care and love—I would please if I could cheerfully make any sacrifice. My life is yours, if it will serve you, and even my reputation if I have. But what you now ask is beyond my power. My love for this fair lady is not a whim that can be dismissed with a breath or a frown. It is a something stronger, deeper; and is so inexplicably connected with my being that I can see no cure, and both must rise or fall together."

"This is madness!" said the woodman.

"Call it what you will, sir—you are my father!"

"How will the dawn laugh at this romantic folly!" observed the woodman, with an air of chagrin.

"She will never do that, sir!" said Leon, shaking his head.

"What, boy!" cried his father. "Are your hopes so high? Have you no pride? Would you have the story trailed through Toledo, and become its love of a serving-man—an inferior!—for a highborn lady?—Speak!"

The young man started back, crimsoning to his forehead.

"O, sir!" he exclaimed, his lips quivering, and his eyes glittering with reproachful hues, "is this reason? Is it, in what, save birth and wealth, do I banish this lady? My soul goes out to her beauty, and the dreams of fancy are realized in her as a level with hers. In mind does she excel me? In rank and property? Granted. In many things. Why, then, should my love for her be in your eyes a thing to arouse your indignation? I love her as a man may love a star, a flower, a gem, and that is beautiful and good. Yet, or any one, may do the same without exciting the slightest comment?"

"You are mad, boy! stark, staring mad! What! you—an inferior and a dependent upon the donor's bounty, to lift your eyes——"

"Say, sir!" interrupted the young man, hoarsely. "I cannot endure this. You are exceeding the license of a father and a friend. If you persist in using me thus, I have a reserved right on which to fall, and I cannot choose but to avail myself of it."

"To raise your hand to your father, sirrah?" demanded the woodman, with a look of horror and hauteur.

"No, sir," answered the young man, sorrowfully, "to retire."

The woodman surveyed him a few moments, in silence.

"See you not the folly of this vain attachment for one so far above you?" he asked, at length.

"Is it folly to love what is worthy of our admiration, sir?"

"Tut, tut! boy; you put me out of all patience."

"I am sorry, sir, that it should be so. I would were otherwise; but it is my fortune, fate, whatever what you will, to worship this fair lady with all the strength and nonchalance of my nature."

"You! a serving-man—a dependent upon her bounty!" sneered the woodman, emphasizing the last.

"A servitor, if is true, sir; but not a dependent. I am to my lady's service, but every moment of my time is earned with honest labor. And were it my good pleasure to discharge me to-day, I could obtain as pleasant a home, and as good if not better wages on this hour tomorrow. I say not this boastingly; but I know whereof I speak."

"Do you deny that you are my lady's inferior?" demanded the woodman. "You had best. It would be only on a par with your other views!"

"I am poor and of lowly birth," answered Leon. "In this I cannot say all my sorrow. In all else, I hold myself the peer of the proudest born in Spain. It have courage which has never yet been used in an unholy cause; honor, which as pure and spotless as when an infant. I received it as my earliest inheritance; learning, which, though self-acquired, it as thorough as that taught at the best institutions. I have a heart to feel, and to return the bewildering aroma, and can tell the anxious hours of those who have not placed implicit confidence their properties, unfold their beauties, trace their colors and their causes, together with their influences on the air we breathe. I can paint, too, and fence, and dance, and sing, and many other things, that all may be worth little, but which are not having improved their time, can not. In what, then, sir, am I the inferior thing you'd make me?"

"You mix yourself high, boy!" said the woodman, coldly.

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not. It is distasteful to me to speak thus of my own deserts; nor would I partake in them at all to any but yourself. But when you attempt to set me down for what I am not, you compel me to place myself above, and admit unmurmuringly to the wrong."

"Is this well, sirrah?" asked the woodman, his eye darting with indignant fire. "Is this well, boy? Is it, in my station, to be insulted by the laughing stock of all Toledo?"

"I cannot, sir!" answered Leon, pale with emotion.

"Cannot what, boy?"

"Descend in love to my own social level. It would I am above that level. I know it, feel it; and my spirit is chafing under the sense of the position in which it was born, and soars above it in a sphere worthy of its aspirations. I have mounted to the height and altitude, and the length and breadth in intellectuality of those in my own station with that right. I have studied, and their philosophy can be below mine ours that I can take no pleasure in their company, or feel any especial delight among them. They call me proud; and so I am: but according to their meaning. I must associate with minds that are up to my own in intelligence and thought, or with none. To descend to inner ones, is misery."

"Lower?" repeated Leon. "O, sir, you, too, must have experienced this feeling; for from all on this estate, you cannot select one worthy to exchange thoughts with you. Even in the case of your lovely love society, you would not or sternly keep aloof from them, for you know that you are far above them, and you know and feel it also."

"No more of this, sirrah!" said his father, haughtily.

"It is not my purpose to offend you, sir, with superficial conversation, and shall not allow it to do so, but, so far as may be, to vindicate myself."

"Enough, boy," said the old, will you pursue this absurd passion?"

"I can not, sir," said Leon.

"Cannot?" said the woodman, in derisive astonishment.

"No, sir," returned Leon. "To please one to whom I am so greatly indebted—for I cannot forget your kind care and love—I would please if I could cheerfully make any sacrifice. My life is yours, if it will serve you, and even my reputation if I have. But what you now ask is beyond my power. My love for this fair lady is not a whim that can be dismissed with a breath or a frown. It is a something stronger, deeper; and is so inexplicably connected with my being that I can see no cure, and both must rise or fall together."

"This is madness!" said the woodman.

"Call it what you will, sir—you are my father!"

"How will the dawn laugh at this romantic folly!" observed the woodman, with an air of chagrin.

"She will never do that, sir!" said Leon, shaking his head.

"What, boy!" cried his father. "Are your hopes so high? Have you no pride? Would you have the story trailed through Toledo, and become its love of a serving-man—an inferior!—for a highborn lady? Speak!"

The young man started back, crimsoning to his forehead.

"O, sir!" he exclaimed, his lips quivering, and his eyes glittering with reproachful hues, "is this reason? Is it, in what, save birth and wealth, do I banish this lady? My soul goes out to her beauty, and the dreams of fancy are realized in her as a level with hers. In mind does she excel me? In rank and property? Granted. In many things. Why, then, should my love for her be in your eyes a thing to arouse your indignation? I love her as a man may love a star, a flower, a gem, and that is beautiful and good. Yet, or any one, may do the same without exciting the slightest comment?"

"You are mad, boy! stark, staring mad! What! you—an inferior and a dependent upon the donor's bounty, to lift your eyes——"

"Say, sir!" interrupted the young man, hoarsely. "I cannot endure this. You are exceeding the license of a father and a friend. If you persist in using me thus, I have a reserved right on which to fall, and I cannot choose but to avail myself of it."

"To raise your hand to your father, sirrah?" demanded the woodman, with a look of horror and hauteur.

"No, sir," answered the young man, sorrowfully, "to retire."

The woodman surveyed him a few moments, in silence.

"See you not the folly of this vain attachment for one so far above you?" he asked, at length.

"Is it folly to love what is worthy of our admiration, sir?"

"Tut, tut! boy; you put me out of all patience."

"I am sorry, sir, that it should be so. I would were otherwise; but it is my fortune, fate, whatever what you will, to worship this fair lady with all the strength and nonchalance of my nature."

"You! a serving-man—a dependent upon her bounty!" sneered the woodman, emphasizing the last.

"A servitor, if is true, sir; but not a dependent. I am to my lady's service, but every moment of my time is earned with honest labor. And were it my good pleasure to discharge me to-day, I could obtain as pleasant a home, and as good if not better wages on this hour tomorrow. I say not this boastingly; but I know whereof I speak."

"Do you deny that you are my lady's inferior?"

parliament openly speaks of him as a dealer in legal chains."

"The officer may have been defrauded in some case, in which justice was not on his side?" remarked the viceroy. "Hence his antipathy to the judge?"

"No," returned his companion, moistening his lips from his wine-cup. "His opinion is based upon the general case, in which he has a interest other than that of a witness, and he states that his sentiments are unbiased, and judgment given for the plaintiff notwithstanding that his testimony was wholly in favor of the defendant."

"What ground has the officer for supposing this to be the case?" asked the viceroy, quickly.

"The broad fact that the judge was a debtor to the plaintiff, who the day after the trial, sent him a present of a fine horse."

"How did the officer learn this?"

"From the plaintiff's clerk—a boasting fellow who, when in his cups, is apt to be indiscreet."

"If this be true," said the viceroy, "why did not the defendant appeal to me?"

"For an excellent reason. Ruined by the unjust decision, he on returning home, cut his throat in despair, and his widow had not the courage to take up the appeal and make a thorough-fare of the judge."

"This is monstrous!" cried the viceroy, indignantly, "and must be inquired into. Tell the officer to give you a detailed history of the transaction, and I will examine it at my earliest leisure."

"Be wary!" said the superintendent. "Do Mendoza is already aware that you have embarked for letting young Siriano off so lightly."

"Do Leon was the aggressor—I am convinced—placed himself in the position where could so disastrously to himself; and since it was his cooperation that saved him, could not consistently punish one than were him against the future and consequences of his own act."

"Still, in view of danger, it is the policy of wise men and magistrates to make known their sentiments against you, it will shortly appear in the letters of Guzman and his other confidential attendants, who, as in all such cases, will learn it sooner than yourself, and will govern themselves accordingly."

"That the king should listen to a secret tradition, and be unworthily of himself and of his office, is unbecoming!" exclaimed the viceroy. "Shame upon him!"

"Hush, hush! he is well, to-day, and in an old mail," observed the superintendent, "and as little as I like the man, I am not about him to be a part of the good physician. If we but had a good fool, like the king's, he might tell him truths on the king!—should occasionally disguise himself as a peasant and mingle with the ranks to learn their grievances and temper, what a satisfaction it would be to mistake him for a common soldier and order him to be cashiered!"

The singularity of the conceit called up a smile from the viceroy, which he commanded of the wild freaks of his companion's boyhood, and on these they discoursed awhile, when the superintendent exclaimed—

"But a truce to the old dame—the present moment is our revenge. An idea strikes me!"

"Let us have it."

"Why, my proclamation was meant at once as a reproach and as the sum of your delinquency. You had not been so careful of learning the Christ names and characters of the people of your province as his whimsical majesty fancies he had a right to require; and Mendoza—for it is to his honor that it is he—having discovered this man's root, hastened with it to the royal ear, and was one of his vigilance. But! I could kick him!" added the superintendent, energetically, starting from himself in the Moncadel. "Still," he added, "there is danger in the inaves; and as we are both too old to engage with the numerous gentry with which your select for sly attack, it would be well to call to our aid the strength of the whole Castilian blood-hound. They could mingle in the various circles of society and pick up what is going on against you."

"You are simply suggesting a system of espial!"

"Even so," said the superintendent, "there is no weakness in carrying the thrust of a foe. On the contrary, the weakness is in not to do it."

"Well argued, Jerome!"

"Thank you, sir, you admit the propriety of a small private body guard, who shall watch over your person and interests with all the devotion of affectionate children expects to on your knees!"

"The Moncadel brings out your wit, Jerome!"

"The spirit, sir, which, in a more congenial incident, who saw that he had conquered, "is as to the source of that quarrel."

"How would you suggest," asked the viceroy.

"Because those," said the superintendent, "who, in the ordinary affairs of life, scarcely count for more than cyphers, become, when united, figures, each of whom is a whole battalion in himself. Of the latter, one or two would do, if one but know how to choose them."

The friends thoughtfully moistened their lips with their liquor in their wine-cups, and for a time were silent.

"I have it!" observed the superintendent, presently. "It has been running round my head for the last half hour, but I have caught it at last!"

The viceroy looked at him with an inquiring eye.

"What is the name of the young hero, who, when all others were paralyzed with terror or confusion, alone had the courage and the presence of mind to leap, with all his wits about him, to your rescue in the Vega, and but for whom you were now quietly reposing with your ancestors, and Mendoza, or some other, vice-master of Toledo?"

"Leon Varella," returned the viceroy.

"Then Leon Varella it is to be!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"The man?" repeated the viceroy.

"We shall want no more. That young man, as the incident in which you played so conspicuous a part plainly testifies, is one in a thousand. He did wonders for us the only man in all Toledo. I therefore nominate him for your consideration as a sufficient guard for all the dangers that may rise against you."

"To let the truth," said the viceroy, after a brief, thoughtful pause, "I have been thinking the same thing ever since he refused the Spinsual since thing ever since he refused the Spinsual since I learned that he was the woodman's son."

"What is he?" asked the superintendent.

"The head woodman, sir, of the widow of my late counsellor."

"What, of a rank so humble! And yet he refused the thousand crowns?"

"With a mingled pride and modesty that made me blush to my heart, aside for having tendered them!"

"The fellow must have the soul of a prince!"

"It is visible in his eyes. As I looked upon him, I wondered why one for whom nature had done so much was so lightly favored by fortune. Were I the father of such a son, methinks I'd not care to be even King of Spain!"

"You should have given him an office."

"I would have done so, but for the service of another!"

"Who, perhaps, does not appreciate him!" returned the superintendent. "The fact is, the fellow is a prize; and the sooner you secure him the better—secure him for your own person and all other enemies."

"I will see about it," said the viceroy.

"So far so good," remarked the superintendent. "I will consider the matter."

"Varella," suggested the viceroy.

"Leon Varella as your body-guard in the capacity of secretary, and his services are equally talented. It often happens that secrets of high importance are confided to those who appear to be agitated in the drawing-room, are already old news in the kitchen."

The viceroy thoughtfully looked down.

"He ought," suggested the superintendent, "to counsel with a friend upon the proposition of Leon with the coming of a fox and the impudence of a knight-errant."

"I think I know the very man!" exclaimed the viceroy.

"Good! Who is he?"

"A varlet, called Pizzaldo. The same that informed against the father of my preserver."

"He knows who did so; refuse the hundred crowns for the heroism of Guzman and his children, had the curiosity to ask if you had not a spare place in his house or your household, as I think you said of——"

"The same."

"He has brass enough, and, as the information was evidently a mere matter of speculation, doubtless will be glad to receive a reward for it."

"If you had seen his air of easy assurance when he stated the matter, you would have thought he had conferred upon you a favor," returned the viceroy, with a smile.

"Then we are in luck!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"Pizzaldo?" said his companion. "We have yet to learn whether these men can be obtained."

"The minister of Police will deliver Pizzaldo to you ere noon to-morrow. As to Leon, you must see his mistress!"

"Think of it," said the viceroy.

"And act upon it," suggested the superintendent.

The viceroy bowed.

"And Varella," continued the other.

"The Maesedel, to-night, is prolific!" observed the viceroy, pleasantly.

"It is a gourmet wine, when we know how to use it," returned the superintendent, helping himself to a bumper of the golden liquid. "I reserve your credit with the king in the matter of Don Juan!" he added, after setting down his glass.

The viceroy's brow darkened gloomily.

"Ha!" he said, "I had forgotten that! A most unfortunate enough, and I will have no head in adding to his trouble. If his majesty's favor can be restored to Don Juan, it will be a matter of surprise among upon we already persecuted man, then let his favorite be the agent. I will not have the blood on my hare, and never will be, a conscious instrument in making an innocent man suffer."

"Your scruples on the innocence is one with which we have nothing to do," said the superintendent, "and which I will not discuss. But when the king calls for him from your province, it is your duty, sir, to answer your call in person."

"If his majesty will inform me where he is to be found," answered the viceroy, "it will argue ere long that I am not wanting in duty to him or his service than heed the information to my ministers of Police and Finance."

"If you will not, Mendoza doubtless will!"

"Let Leon Varella be the agent!" said the knavish heart. But, as for me! these hairs, thinned and whitened by the cares of state, shall be pulled through the kennels of Toledo till their owner's head-piece is bare, ere I will be the agent!"

Judge, ere I will consent to hold my place or mount to favor on another's ruin!"

"Well, well," said the superintendent, thoughtfully, "we must devise some means by which to secure the services of Leon. Simply I should not be we must seem to obey his whimsical majesty, do we not, Jerome? Leon is in the viceroy's power, and in obscurity, and retain our own position! Umph!"

And he raised his wine to his lips and took a long draught, while his face was buried in the inspiration from the sparkling liquor and was willing that it time to rest his eyes upon.

At length he set down the cup, and began to rub his eye with the knuckle of his forefinger.

"Jerome!" said the viceroy, in a tone of disappointment, "that we shall have to trust to the fortune of fate, for guidance in the case, after all! If he be the impudent, ready-witted knave I have known him to be, he will be, he will carry us through safely and enable us to snap our fingers at the intrigue of Mendoza."

"It will yet be time to act," said the superintendent.

"In the meanwhile," said the superintendent, rising and taking his friend's hand, "we can implore Honest Phillip quietly to knock both his majesty and Mendoza on the head for bothering him still subject to this moment. Good night!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PHILOSOPHY FOR OUR FAIR SEX.—So very common is it for women to be disappointed in their first love, that a fair writer has said, the cruelest of the loss and recovery of the heart to be to the mind what the hooping cough or measles is to the body.

MARRYING OUR DAUGHTERS.—The care of most people is how to get husbands to their daughters; but my own eye was centered diverse, is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them.

SPRING.

BY C. D. STUART.

Thou comest, like a truant, gentle Spring,
 Thy breath all spicy from the Southern land,
And o'er the meads and mountains thoud cst fling
 Delicious verdure from thy open hand,
And swift unclasp'sts the rivers, with thy smile—
So firmly bound by Winter's chains ere while

With ice-dissolving kisses thou dost come,
 The balm of dews upon thy blossom brow,
And pattering rain-drops from thy Southern home
 Thou bring'st, and scatter'st on the earth all low;
And the young boughs of fringed trees, are full
Of joyous birds, at morning musical.

Thou comest, in the softness of a sky
 Where gold and azure have a blended hue;
In burning clouds that on the breezes fly,
 In fairer sunshine and a deeper blue,
And reddening shadows, when the sun-set flings
The smile of God upon its closing wings.

Aye, thou dost come! with tread of violets,
 That shake their tresses when the day-beams pass;
When the fresh wind with soft embraces frets
 The dewy children of the springing grass,
And meek-eyed daisies, from the blushing sod
Bespeak of thee, thou truant, and of God.

Aye, thou dost come! and to my heart a thrill
 From thy dear presence, like a spell, is prest;
My rising soul with fragrance thou dost fill,
 And wak'st the flagging pulses of my breast,
And kindliest God within my heart, O, Spring,
With love, and truth, and beauty thou dost bring.
1857

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

We have all seen flowers spring from the black damp earth; out of the foulness of decay seeming to draw the freshness, and beauty, and glory, of a perfect life; inimitable in hues and proportions, and sending forth upon the wings of every passing breeze the sweetest fragrance from their perfumed hearts. And we who are wont to trace analogies have thought sometimes, as we looked, why, if God could make this wondrous beauty, this perfection of form and fragrance, to spring out of the ugliness of the black soil crawling and heaving with slimy, writhing monsters, could He not, also, make goodness and the perfectness of moral beauty to spring even out of the darkness of human pollution. And we have passed on with our hearts strengthened because of the thought, and believing, more than ever, that out of evil good might sometimes be brought forth.

In every large and populous city there are quarters which seem to well deserve the name of hot-beds of pollution; where, amidst the writhing, festering mass of debased humanity, young shoots of wickedness are forced into hideous and morbid growths. Society long walked apart with folded hands and sanctimonious air that well expressed its thought: "Stand aside for I am holier than thou;" and, shrinking from contamination, stretched forth no arm of mercy to the rescue. Legal, social, and Christian effort, strained to their utmost verge, had for object only the confinement of the contagion within its own precincts.

Young lives bloomed into wondrous beauty amidst this foul degradation, and for want of early transplanting became sickly growths, and soon lost all semblance of their inherent worth. And then, from year to year, the evil grew—a gangrenous ulcer upon the body politic, which bade fair to infect every part with its poisonous virus—a messenger of death working secretly but surely through every vein, and nerve, and artery.

Not until it was fully time did any come to the rescue; and then, while helping hands sustained men and women ready, if but the possibility were given them, to emerge from their degradation; other strong but gentle arms were reached downward to lift into the sunlight of goodness the children—human flowers withering amidst the soil and atmosphere in which they grew.

A good man went one morning, years ago, down into the darkest and rottenest of the purlieus of vice in our great city This mission was one of mercy and kindness; but he had little to give besides warnings, and exhortations, and prayers, and the tracts and Bibles with which his pockets were filled Few of those whom he addressed listened to his words, fewer still could read. Ribaldry answered his exhortations, and curses interrupted his prayers, and his tracts and Bibles were hurled back upon him with scorn and anger. Few hearts were touched; and they, conscious that no struggles could ever bring back the lost purity and reinstate them in their former happiness, only scoffed to hide their tremors and their tears.

Weary and almost discouraged the good man yet faltered not. He mounted the filthy stairs and threaded the dark passages, in the gloom of whose angles the assassin might lurk unseen, knocking at every door, speaking words of truth to those who would listen, and unheeding the scoffs and oaths that too often followed his departing footsteps.

He had been passing from room to room of a filthy tenant-house in one of the most noisome alleys of the noisome district to which his mission was confined, and it was high noon when he reached the topmost floor—a dark, low attic, with numerous small rooms to the right and left of the narrow landing There was scarcely any light, and he felt his way until he came to a door. He knocked, and was surprised to hear a sweet, low voice—a child's voice bid him enter. A thrill of pleasure shot through his weary heart at the sound, so different from the harsh tones of the vile termagants he had encountered below, the din of whose quarrelsome voices, or hoarse ribaldry, reached him even there; and it was with a sigh of relief that he opened the door and entered the apartment. It was evident he had not quite expected the scene that met his eyes—the voice had prepared him for something different—for he started back with an expression and an exclamation of surprise.

Upon the floor—upon the bare filthy boards, with a few rags beneath her head for a pillow, lay a woman breathing out slowly and laboriously the last moments of her life; and beside her, with the cold empurpled fingers clasped close in her tiny hands, crouched a little child watching with wonder and awe the grey hues of death as they gathered over that face.

The child was a girl of strange beauty—a human blossom of rare loveliness drawing its sustenance, as it seemed, from the very desolation of decay. The dying woman had once been as beautiful, for as the features, wan and faded as they were, settled back into the rigidity of death, they showed a likeness, which could not be mistaken, to those beside her, so instinct with youth and life.

"My mother says she is dying," said the little girl, looking up wistfully into the stranger's face, but taking no other notice of his entrance. "She says she is going away, and that Rosie must stay behind. But she has gone to sleep now—don't you think she will stay with Rosie, when she wakes?"

"No, my little girl," he answered, kneeling down beside her, for the room was so utterly destitute of furniture as to contain no seat. "No, my dear, your mother cannot stay with you long, but God will take care of you if you are a good child and ask him to provide for you."

"Rosie always tries to be good," answered the child, simply, "but who's God? Mother said something about him before she went to sleep. Is he my grandfather, who lives in the big house, and rides in the carriage that shines so in the sunlight?"

We know not how the good man would have striven to give the young mind its first idea of a Heavenly Father, for her words had seemed to rouse the dying woman. Slowly the heavy quivering lids were lifted, and she fixed her eyes on the face that bent in pity above her. It was a gaze that seemed to pierce his very soul—a dumb but most intelligible expression of the dying mother's agony and anxiety. A gleam of satisfaction shot across her still features; then, slowly and painfully, she laid the tiny hand of her child in that of the good missionary.

A tremendous fit of coughing followed the exertion, and then she fell back so motionless that they thought her dead. But the deep eyes opened once more, and fixed themselves upon the face of the child.

"Rosie," said the feeble voice, "remember my dying words. Never take the first step towards vice. When I am dead go to No. —— seventy —— my father——innocent——will not refuse ——"

The words for which they waited died upon her tongue. They listened in vain; the secret of her long-lost identity she had carried with her into the realms of death.

With the sobbing, wondering child clasped closely to his heart, the missionary remained some moments in silent prayer beside the dead Then he rose up and went to the small window that overlooked the roofs of countless houses, and from whence he could see the "heaven-pointing spires" of a score of churches. What his thoughts were, we will not venture to say, but that they were very painful the sighs he heaved and the tears that would be wiped away sufficiently expressed.

As soon as he could command himself he went to the door and called some of the women whose voices were still heard below; and when they came noisily up the staircase, he showed them the dead form, and asked them if they could watch there while he went to provide for the pauper funeral.

It was strange to see how the aspect of death softened those degraded beings—how the look of grief and awe stole over their coarse and bloated features—how the tones of their voices modulated to the accents of pity for the desolate little child, and the gentler womanly instincts, which had slumbered through years of vice and degradation, were awakened in the presence of her innocent purity and the shadow of the death-hour.

Of them the missionary hastened to make such inquiries as he hoped might lead to the development of the secret which had died upon the woman's tongue. But they knew no more than the vague rumors which had accompanied every step of a swift career of ruin, that she had once been rich and honored, and that she still had relatives in the very highest social position. Whence she had descended, or who were the friends of her days of innocence, they could not tell, nor did any after inquiries elicit the information so much desired.

With many words of comfort to the moaning child, still unable to comprehend her desolation, the good man went forth again upon his work of mercy. Next day he returned, and when the rough pine coffin, which contained the remains of that once innocent and beautiful woman, had been borne away upon a cart, unattended by a single friend, he took the little girl by the hand and led her forth from that fearful den of vice and misery, never, never to return

The little one went with him willingly, yet wonderingly. He took her first to his own house; but his labors were ill paid, and there was poverty there, and ere long he sought and obtained for little Rose a home which he thought far better than his own. It was with a pang that he gave her up, for the sweet child, so lovely and so innocent in spite of the degradation from which he had rescued her, had entwined herself closely around his heart. But the good man had learned, long since, to sacrifice his wishes and his feelings, if thereby the good of others might be secured.

Mrs. Bates, the wealthy widow who had consented to take the little orphan into her family, was a woman of vast professions—no member of Dr Textly's church had such wonderful religious experiences; no other one had half the time to devote to the promotion of the various objects of religious and social interests which constantly arose and called for organizations, and prayers, and money; no woman was directress of half so many societies, or spent more time in distributing tracts, or investigating the condition of the poor; her ear was ever open to the cry of the needy and oppressed, and if, as some maliciously asserted, her heart and purse were obstinately closed, she went about with such a flourish of self-blown trumpets that few discovered the fact.

It was to this woman that little Rosie Rae was sent to find a home, and if the two Misses Spiteful, across the street, pitied the poor child, and wondered why a woman who never found any time to bring up her own children, should take any one's else, why very few people heard them, and they who did set it all down to the score of old maids' gossip

But they were partly right at least. Rosie Rae was not taken into that family as a daughter, but as a servant. It was enough for Mrs. Bates that the crumbs from her table made always a sufficient meal for the child who had never known luxury. She knew and cared not that the little one was starving for words of tenderness and looks of love. Rosie, with all the household, was always expected to be present at family prayers, and she was sent to Sabbath-school whenever it was convenient, and Mrs. Bates would have received a shock of surprise had she been told that the moral culture of the child was not receiving sufficient attention at her hands. She was seldom at home to notice Rosie's languid movements and flushed cheeks as she carried the cross, heavy baby in her arms, and was pulled, and pinched, and persecuted by the other scions of that neglected family. Mrs. Bates was far too much engrossed in providing for the wants of juvenile Africa or New Zealand to have time or thought for the well-being of the human plants in her own nursery. And when she came home at night from a round of society meetings, weary and declaiming against the selfishness and ingratitude of those to whom her life was devoted, she was in no mood to listen to the complaints, or enter into the wishes of her children, or untangle the ravelled threads of a score of domestic difficulties.

It was well for Rosie that she had other friends. Beneath the poor roof of the humble, pious city missionary and his wife her heart found a home. From them she learned the noblest of Christian lessons—meekness, forbearance, resolute self-denial, patient endurance of evil, the returning good of deeds for wrongs. And so she lived on in her comfortless home, and grew in moral and in physical beauty, never forgetting, even before she learned its full meaning, her dead mother's last exhortation.

Rosie was fifteen when William Bates returned from college, and took up his abode at home. So beautiful a girl, just upon the threshold of the loveliest womanhood, could not escape the notice of one whose college career had been marked by many a vicious outbreak, and who had never received at home the moral lessons that might have laid the foundation of a truly noble character.

Rosie's life was one of terror from the day of his return. Restrained by no semblance of respect towards one who occupied a menial position in his mother's family, he persecuted her openly, only taking care to avoid his mother's eye during the few hours she spent at home daily. He followed her about the house and waylaid her in the street, till she dared not go forth except when driven by necessity. Her life became a dread, and she would have fled from a place so hateful, but that she had neither home nor friends to receive her, except the poor missionary, to whom she could not become a burden.

Circumstances opened a mode of escape which she never could have prepared for herself, and which, painful as were the scenes through which she passed, she gladly hailed. She had risen at her usually early hour to arrange Mrs. Bates's morning room, and while busy at her task, was surprised by the entrance of her persecutor.

"Ha! my queen of flowers, my pretty Rose, I have found you, have I? You busy little creature, I knew you would be somewhere at work by this hour, and so I have torn myself away from my slumbers to have a word with you, and a kiss from those pretty lips."

Suiting the action to the word, he approached and threw his arm about her.

"Go away, Mr. William. Oh, do go away, Mr. William," she exclaimed, as she struggled to get near the door.

"It's of no use, my pretty one, there's not a living soul awake in the house except our two selves; and you, little prude, you might as well give me the kiss, for I'll take it at any rate."

At that moment the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Bates stood upon the threshold. She was dressed to go out upon some early expedition, and had thus unexpectedly come upon this scene, as she opened the door to give some orders to Rosie

"And this is what you rise so early for, is it, Miss?" she exclaimed. "It was for this, to contaminate my son, that I took you from the gutter, was it? But your career is run—you leave my house this hour—nay, not a word," she continued, seeing that Rosie was about to speak. "Don't tell me it was Mr. William. Do you expect me to believe that a son, brought up as my children have been, could so disgrace himself and his mother's house, unless tempted by your vile arts. Out of my house this moment."

Rosie left the room, for she could not stem the torrent of Mr. Bates's words; and as she went she caught sight of William's face leering above his mother's shoulder with a grin of contempt and defiance. She hurried to her room, and an hour afterward she left the house without again seeing any member of the family.

The good missionary's home was again her shelter, and from thence she was soon after apprenticed to a fashionable milliner. Here for several years Rosie's life was one of toil. But her exquisite taste found her great favor in the eyes of her employer, and she had many privileges, though her entreaties not to be sent into the show-rooms or the streets, where her beauty and unprotected situation not unfrequently exposed her to insult, were frequently disregarded. She still sometimes encountered William Bates, but she was always able to escape him, and he was too indolent to pursue her, now that it was likely to give him some trouble.

A fashionable marriage was on the tapis, and Rosie's employer was busy filling the extensive orders which had been given her, and Rosie's taste was frequently put in requisition. One morning the bride-elect came into the show-rooms with a party of friends, among whom were her intended husband and his brother and sister. She was desirous to show them her bonnets, and that they might appear to the best advantage, begged Madame —— to send Rosie to assist in trying them on.

Rosie went very reluctantly, for she always shrank from contact with strangers. But she could not resist Miss Denmore's winning manner, and, as she chatted away to her about frills, and flowers, and trimming, she quite recovered her equanimity, and did not observe that all eyes were fixed upon her, until she, by chance, overheard a remark from one of the gentlemen.

"Did you ever observe such a resemblance? Is it not wonderful?"

"Wonderful, indeed! One would suppose they were sisters."

She was standing beside Miss Denmore, who was trying on a hat before the cheval-glass, and, at that instant, she caught the reflection of the two faces—her own and Miss Denmore's. There was the same pure rose-tinted complexion, the same shining dark hair, and deep violet-hued eyes, and low straight brow. She blushed, as though detected in some wrong, and stepped aside, but she still heard the wondering comments of the gentlemen.

"Come up in about two hours," Miss Denmore said, as she went away, "to No. —— —— street. I shall have returned then. Bring these bonnets—the white and the cerise, for I wish grandpapa to see them, he has such exquisite taste."

The party left and Rosie returned to the work-room. At the appointed time she rung the bell of Col. Denmore's splendid residence Miss Denmore had not returned, but Rosie was shown into her morning room to await her. She had sat some time thinking of what had passed that morning, of the strange resemblance between Miss Denmore and herself and wondering, for the first time, why her life was so lowly and so full of toil, as she contrasted the splendors of this patrician residence with the narrow attic room which was her only refuge from the noise and hurry of the shop. Miss Denmore was not more beautiful, or graceful than herself; and yet she dwelt here in luxury while her gold could command the toil of the poor milliner. Then a vision of those dark eyes which had been bent upon her that morning, and the handsome face of that brother of Miss Denmore's bridegroom rose up before her, and she sighed softly and moved impatiently from the seat where she had thrown herself opposite the large mirror.

At this moment the door opened, and a gentleman entering caught sight of her face as reflected in the mirror.

"What, Mary!" he said, "returned so soon! You have been expeditious."

Then advancing into the room, he stopped amazed.

"This is not Mary Denmore," he exclaimed. "Who are you, child?"

He was an old man, with silvered locks and the traces of sorrow and a subdued spirit all over his aged face. Rosie's heart went out to him, as she heard him murmur, "How like, how like!" Again he said,

"Who are you, child?"

"Please, sir, I am Rosie Rae," she answered, simply, blushing and courtesying.

"Rosie Rae!—I could have sworn when I first saw you that you were Rose Denmore, as I saw her last nigh twenty years ago. My child, my child, who and what are you?"

"Please, sir, I am Rosie Rae."

"Rosie Rae! Could that have been his name? Where is your mother, child? Oh tell me, for she may find in me a repentant and long-seeking father."

"My mother is dead," sobbed Rosie. "When she died in that miserable garret, long ago, her last words were of her father. Are you he? Oh, she said her father would receive her innocent child, and I am innocent and all alone!"

Who can tell of the mysterious forces which drew those two beings of one blood into contact, which opened to each the other's soul to read there the history of the bond of affinity. When Mary Denmore returned she found the milliner girl clasped close in the arms of her grandfather, and pouring forth to him the history of all she remembered of her early life and of her mother's death.

The carriage was dispatched for the good missionary, and by his aid, the clue of identity being now found, they soon traced the career of Rosie's mother from the time her father in a fit of ungovernable anger, soon repented, turned her from his house on learning of her marriage with a worthless wretch who had some way won himself a place in her confidence and love.

At sixteen, driven forth from her father's door, she had found herself deserted to the cold cruelties of a husband who had married her only that he might share her father's wealth. At seventeen he, too, deserted her; and, with her baby in her arms, she had again been spurned from her father's door, but this time by a menial under the influence of one who desired to make herself the wife of the wealthy old man. Then, bereft of hope, she wandered away and soon sunk into vice, and went on from deeper to deeper degradation till she died in a garret in that vile alley.

There was no more toil or suffering for Rosie Rae. The quest her grandfather had made for his lost one had ended in her recognition, and she was at once installed in that splendid home—its mistress after Mary Denmore's departure. Scarcely a year had elapsed before there was another wedding in the Dinmore mansion, and Arthur May, the brother of Mary's husband, carried his bride over the threshold of that house. But it was only to return, after a brief tour, to live there with the old man, who will not consent to part with the darling child of Rose Denmore.

LAST YEAR.

In vain you tell me my house is warm,
 In vain you tell me my hearth is bright;
My heart is abroad in the driving storm,
 And what to me are the warmth and light!

In vain you tell me the trees will trim
 Their sad limbs gaily when May is here;
I see but the stubble-field yellow and dim,
 Wherein young Rosalin reapt last year.

Though blind, I could go to the very place
 Where we sat and talked on the new-mown hay,
While the rose grew doubly red in the face,
 Jealous of what she heard him say.

ALICE CARY.

HOME THE TRUE TEST OF CHARACTER.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilerate; those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises, which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles or embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

DISTASTEFULNESS OF DEPENDENCE.

One of the complaints uttered by Milton's Samson, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

INDIAN NOTIONS.

An Ojibbeway chief, in a "temperance talk" to white folk, said his tribe believed the Evil One was all under ground, and that their tribe lived about on the top of his back, and that, to keep him from "kicking up a bobbery," they must make him a great many presents. When they drank whiskey—which was pretty often after they became acquainted with the whites—they always sat in a circle, in the centre of which they dug a hole in the ground, and as the whiskey-horn went round each would pour a trifle in the hole for "Old Nick." But, said the chief, "after Indian got to know white man well enough to do as white man did, couldn't spare no whiskey for devil, so devil he kick ground, and ground come up and bump Ojibbeway's head."

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.—Truth itself is unchangeable, but man's eyes are not. And, moreover, he sees truth through a medium, and from one position at a time, but the omnipresent eye alone can see it on every side at once. The habit of living in a sect is a habit of one-sidedness, which directs the vision to one particular aspect, and throws others into obscurity. Even the most talented mind, if fettered by such a relationship, is apt to misjudge, to misrepresent, and mislead.

A USEFUL RULE OF ETIQUETTE.—There are occasions on which all apology is rudeness. He that has an unwelcome message to deliver, may give some proof of tenderness and delicacy, by a ceremonial introduction and gradual discovery, because the mind upon which the weight of sorrow is to fall, gains time for the collection of its powers; but nothing is more absurd than to delay the communication of pleasure, to torment curiosity by impatience, and to delude hope by anticipation.

MATRIMONIAL UNHAPPINESS.

There is no observation more frequently made by such as employ themselves in surveying the conduct of mankind, than that Marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the institution of Providence, is yet very often the cause of misery; and that those who enter into that state can seldom forbear to express their repentance, and their envy of those whom either chance or caution has withheld from it.

This general unhappiness has given occasion to many sage maxims among the serious, and smart remarks among the gay; the moralist and the writer of epigrams have equally shown their abilities upon it; some have lamented, and some have ridiculed it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the work miserable has been always thrown upon the women; and the grave and the merry have equally thought themselves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or satirical censures, of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.

The men have, indeed, by their superiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raise prejudices in their favor by the venerable testimonies of philosophers, historians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to passions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity If they have not so great names on their side, they have stronger arguments; it is to little purpose that Socrates and Euripides are produced against the sighs of softness, and the tears of beauty. The most frigid and inexorable judge would, at least, stand suspended between equal powers; as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cause where the deities were on one side and Cato on the other.

There is much to be said on all sides of this question; but at present we shall indulge only in the reflection that nearly all who fail of happiness in wedded life do so for want of considering that marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; that there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he or she must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The last quarter of a century is the beginning of a memorable era, an era in which the most rapid transitions are taking place from one aspect of things to another—an era of rapidity—rapidity of travelling and rapidity of thought. Since that time we have learned the art of travelling comfortably in a carriage with as much velocity as the fleetest horse on the race-course can run. We have learned to transmit our thoughts to an almost indefinite distance with the rapidity of lightning, establishing a correspondence between one city and another, that acts and reacts in the course of a few minutes. We ourselves have asked a man at the distance of twenty miles from us what o'clock it was in his watch, and received an answer in half a minute. This was a total passage of forty miles, and a thousand or ten thousand would make little or no difference, if the wires were only continued from one terminus to the other. This revolution in travelling, both in mind and body, seems to be a type or emblem of the era that has begun. It is an era that seems determined to establish the most perfect possible communications between all nations, ranks, and classes of men, to annihilate distance, and remove the obstacles it has hitherto presented to the cultivation of social intercourse amongst absent friends and separate communities. It is a social era, which delights in forming facilities for friendly or commercial intercourse, either by personal visit or by epistolary correspondence; in transplanting the natives of one town, province, or kingdom, to another; in mixing hitherto incongruous minds and manners, languages and dialects; in fusing together different natures and interests, and thus quietly but surely destroying prejudices, annihilating bigotry, and reconciling men to the toleration, at least, of what they do not themselves accept, but which is accepted by others whom they have reason to esteem.

THE DANGERS OF INDOLENCE.

Indolence is one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse of indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

HUMANIZING EFFECTS OF DEATH.

Death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness which we feared for its malignity is now become impotent; and the man whose name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity and contempt.

A HINT TO WHOEVER WOULD BE RICH.—If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind seem unanimous enough in abhorring it as destructive to happiness; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without frugality none can be rich, and with it few would be poor.

THE VALUE OF ECONOMY.—The practice of economy is so necessary to the happidess of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the highest of human potentates, to the lowest laborer or artificer; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

RESIGNATION.—A deaf and dumb child was asked if she knew why she was born thus. The tears rapidly filled the eyes of the afflicted child, but in a moment or two she dashed them away, and with a sweet smile playing upon her thoughtful countenance, wrote upon her little slate,—"Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

A COMMON SUBJECT OF EXAGGERATION.—All reports as to character deal largely in exaggeration. "I never knew," says a wise man, "any one either as good or as bad as he was represented."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

Our only Terms.—Single copies, $3 per annum; three copies, $8; five copies, $12; eight copies, $20. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are entitled to a copy gratis for every club of eight names, and so on for every club of eight names, and so on for every club. It will be useless for persons to write us making us one saving from clubs in lower rates. As clubs are literally paper (for the Ledger, containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated, consists of clubs) and then those terms. We do not want any clubs formed by terms when there are none. We do not want any clubs formed by writing in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Those subscribing, but want twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price, to pay the postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person represents us as one of them, he is an impostor, and should be exposed. The best way to get the paper is to ask the trade and periodical dealer, and if he cannot, or is unwilling to supply you, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

All Letters must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, No. 44 Ann street, New York city.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

The influence of Christianity upon civilization cannot be mistaken. Adroit, self-denying and colonizing, lenient—the arts, sciences, commerce and general human enlightenment, which she has operated more or less powerfully in developing fraternal relations and relations among individuals and races, still, to Christianity we must look for the central which has combined all other influences, given them vigor, and brought them into harmonious action for the common good of mankind. The possession of such a power, likewise is beautiful, has a beneficent effect upon the human race, bears the happy influence of science, art, commerce and letters; but the possession or culture of these alone, never elevated a people to the zenith of civilization.

Greece, with her arts, her philosophy, and the vast intellect which animated her, though these subtle and universally refined, as she was, was still cold in the midst of her Pantheon as one of the Philian statues. With a god for every passion and faculty of the mind; with a religion, such as it was, for every vice, virtue, and sentiment, her soul responded with none of the "fair humanity," while in our less cultivated, but more glorious age, have unfolded themselves as the divine tree of human brotherhood—a family—a people—all of which the "One God" is the common Father, and in which the human race feel, act and aspire for one purpose and to one end—the attainment of the glory of man.

Architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry, exalted civilization so far as outward splendor was concerned, to a lofty pitch, without the aid of Christianity; but never, until Christianity had broken the mental gods, and removed the mental fetus of Deity from narrow temples and gross shrines, to the serene heavens, and unbossed from oracles and up the dark recesses of Pride and sympathies of men, did religion, the central spring of human brotherhood—a family—and of universal love, pervading all the feelings and influencing all the actions of man. The religion of the Olympian era, was cold and artistic; a periodic inspiration, shaped by poetic creeds and Delphic fanticism. In Christianity, formed of love for the ancient wants and the tenderest confidence of the human heart, cast aside the cold theories of the age of marble gods; their philosophic oracles and spirits, and introducing a new more intimately to his Maker, as a Father, friend and protector, inspired in him a new and warmer faith and trust. As Christianity taught man to be united in a more sincere and nobler light—in the light of kindred and love—so it taught man to be humane in the light of kindred and brother.

It is here, that Christianity has marked its lofty and divine influence upon civilization. To science, that was only speculative, it has given faith; to art, that was only symbolic, it has imparted spirit; to human enterprise, which was before isolated, antagonistic and selfish, it has given unity, harmony and living power! On its sublime precepts—the simplest and noblest ever uttered—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," all that is noble, reciprocal and harmonizing in civilization, rests. Under the influence of which the yearning and necessity of every heart prompts the truthful acknowledgment, that all nations have become more than civilized—they have become Christianized. Wife, and widow every day, the divine influence extends. From the face of that great central nations it spreads to the remotest islands of earth, and wherever men are caught up by the "islands of the seas" Christianity alone, touches the brotherhood of man with a common paternity in God. Safest and savage, awakened in the forcefully reasoning of the Apostle alike. On an blessed Spirit, do thy work in every human heart, and the earth will become, as eras, a Paradise!

KNOWLEDGE.

"Knowledge is power," said the great Bacon, and Burke responded, "Education is the cheapest defence of nations." Who can doubt it? Who can doubt that the greatness and glory of a nation now depend upon the intelligence of its people? Our schools are our barracks, camps, fortresses and arsenals. In them the child is trained up a peaceful, but mighty soldier. In them he learns there to know himself and his rights; and to know, to be brave and defend them. The wisest and schoolmasters the world owns its best civilization, patriotism, glory, and power. Hence the means of education to every child in this Union, and in the world, is of more moment than all the politicians of Cuba and colonies that ever plotted, than the marshalling of earth's armies and navies. To educate is to enrich, enlarge and strengthen. It is through education—through disciplined school systems, aided by the cultivated home—that all unlearned knowledge—that we the superior to barbarism and savages. The old saying expresses it:

"To educate forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Let us the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Let the people think of it, then. Let them examine the price which their own necessities, more than the pretenses of Legislation, has placed before them. Let them grasp it, too, and their children's children will bless them, for an inheritance better and brighter than the

"Golden apples of the Hesperides."

A SAILOR AMONG THE PHILLISTINES.

A few days ago we met a bronzed-cheeked, weather-beaten sailor, whose threadbare apparel, rolling gait, and eager inspection of everything visible, proclaimed that he was just ashore from a long voyage, mantering along Chatham street. As he came near the clothes-shop his eye was attracted by the multitudes and many-colored garments which flapped over his head and swung on all sides of shops, and it was evident that he meditated a change of wardrobe. This fact at once became obvious to the keen judges of human nature and human infirmities who are posted every door about. Up jumped their sharp-sighted; and our sailor immediately found himself the subject of the most persuasive importunities and at every step received cordial invitations to "walk in and examine for himself." Jack had a keen relish for a good bargain, and of imaginations practised upon his class, and the cogent cordiality of the street shrewd like. His neighbors seemed to increase at every new solicitation, and although he maintained a pleasant and jolly expression of countenance, he remained unmoved. He watched him with interest, and informally uttered a hearty wish that he might escape the sharpers which awaited him in case he suffered himself to be enticed through any of those wide-open doors. He had nearly run the gauntlet in safety, and was already anticipated his triumphant escape, when a man with a positively irresistible nose suddenly intercepted his career. Jack gave one look at the nose and yielded. That proboscis (of which our artist has chosen a profile for our illustration), and he was led away from our sight into the deep recesses of second-hand habitations and shipwork, whence he doubtless issued a wiser and a poorer man.

MAY-DAY.

Day of domestic confusion and universal confusion! Annually on May-day (the 1st) our city, like a serpent sunning from its Winter torpor, sheds its skin and puts on a "new suit." Houses, stores, offices, from roofs to stoops, brushes and brooms, in multitudinous numbers. Notices vernal appearances flies away, and for once in the year the whole tenantry of the city, like the inhabitants in the "London Gallery," is washed clean. Streets heave and toss and throw with the rush of whirlers, freighted with household goods and goods. Frying-pans and dressing-cases, mahogany and mirrors, anthems and sugar-chests, China and crockery-ware, carpets and pianos, tin and pottle in ludicrous proximity. Men, women and children, in every variety of costume are a burlesque on equanimity. Fearful day!—on which many are bereaved of their wives or the Olympian era, was cold and artistic; a periodic inspiration, shaped by poetic creeds and Delphic fanticism. In Christianity, formed of love for the ancient wants and the tenderest confidence of the human heart, cast aside the cold theories of the age of marble gods; their philosophic oracles and spirits, and introducing a new more intimately to his Maker, as a Father, friend and protector, inspired in him a new and warmer faith and trust. As Christianity taught man to be united in a more sincere and nobler light—in the light of kindred and love—so it taught man to be humane in the light of kindred and brother.

It is here, that Christianity has marked its lofty and divine influence upon civilization. To science, that was only speculative, it has given faith; to art, that was only symbolic, it has imparted spirit; to human enterprise, which was before isolated, antagonistic and selfish, it has given unity, harmony and living power! On its sublime precepts—the simplest and noblest ever uttered—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," all that is noble, reciprocal and harmonizing in civilization, rests. Under the influence of which the yearning and necessity of every heart prompts the truthful acknowledgment, that all nations have become more than civilized—they have become Christianized. Wife, and widow every day, the divine influence extends. From the face of that great central nations it spreads to the remotest islands of earth, and wherever men are caught up by the "islands of the seas" Christianity alone, touches the brotherhood of man with a common paternity in God. Safest and savage, awakened in the forcefully reasoning of the Apostle alike. On an blessed Spirit, do thy work in every human heart, and the earth will become, as eras, a Paradise!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Henry Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A SABLE SUBJECT.

Every day, in my walks, I pass a large box standing on the corner of two streets, in which is displayed the agreeable spectacle of big and little coffins of all sorts and shapes, piled up and suitable for any size. This is a black man's; but yesterday, through the ostentatious glass-windows of the shop, I saw a little negro boy sitting on and around them, while the elder children were using them for playhouses for dolls! Not such a sight may strike other people agreeably, or they may pass it every day with entire indifference; but remembering for my peace of mind, I can do neither one nor the other, for by a sort of horrid fascination my eyes are attracted to the detestable window, and familiarity but increases my disgust.

Now I know I shall need a coffin some day or other; but feeling the blue sky arches over my head, and the blue Ice around me, I neither want a black or gray, and new-blown violet, make me sick. Nay, a little rosy baby with its face all over of an undertaker to nudge me in my healthy ribs as I pass, chuck me under the chin, and the blood from my cheek back to my heart, change my singing to sighing, and turn this bright glorious earth into our vast sepulchre. It is the same with handfulness, I indite him, and his co-fellows, for unmilitant sentiment.

And while I am upon this subject I would like to ask why the blue Ice selected for a coffin is peculiar to them, should have the exclusive privilege of advertising their business on the outer church-walls, no more than the white cotton or blade of grass

IN THE AUTUMN.

BY ENNA ALICE BISHOP.

What time the year, with fitful brown
Crown'd with the lush and purple vine,
Banished his grey beard with the wine
Of death, beneath the Autumn boughs;

I sat contented for, and since,
An awful beauty filled the night,
A vested sea of sentient light,
Beat to the young moon on her throne.

The winds, like conscience, had no hand,
Cried round the buried summer flowers,
And stir like melancholy prayers
Of midnight murdered for the land.

And I, to rest in bitter pain,
Sang in my mute and blinded heart—
Sweet one, shield not an old spirit,
Some rose-leaves fall with every rain!

And though our eyes be wet with tears
And sad the lips we kiss,
Nothing to us are a season's moan,
Some dupe of fate's fantastic leaves.

Just from the highway of our fate,
When it hath grown more straight and plain,
Shall rest the vision that long hath lain
Between us and the Eternal Gate.

The winds that stark sweat ceaselessly made
Among the blossoms and the boys,
Weave sadder dirges in the trees
About the joys that bloomed to fade.

And nature, mourning to be dead,
Hides her red face against the sunset,
Where lies her loveliness consumed
In faded splendor, daily red.

And shall we find the burning wings
Of thought, and from our worldcare rise
Clasp the old grandeur of the skies,
And dauntingly walk with insane things.

Ah! no—we shall assert our right
To stand above the graveyards of earth
And in our power, nobler truth,
Put on the crown and regal white!

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ESSENDINE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

The party from the Sea Bird took their way by star-light towards the palace mid-way the top of the mountain. There was a path sufficiently distinguished from the undulating forest covering among about six hundred yards from the water-side. But as they ascended the way was dark; and the overarching branches of the trees cast a deep shadow beneath.

"We are lost," said Ambrose, stopping before an impassable thicket. "I can steer safely enough at sea by star, but on land I would make my way forwards to tell which way to lay the course. It is dark as Egypt."

"I see a light glimmering high up on the mountain side," answered Wilton. "It must be in the direction of the habitation we saw from the deck of the sun went down, for it is a light glancing against the hill-top far above my head."

"Then advance and I'll follow thee," said Ambrose.

"Ey ward," responded Wilton; and turning a little to the left he found a passage round by the thick undergrowth, and began to ascend again, closely followed by Ambrose.

After a few minutes' steady climbing they came to a level area, full a thousand feet above the level of the river.

"Let us stop here and breathe, my Wilton," said Ambrose. "I see my small boat is no bigger than a spider, and the light on board like the glimmer of a glow-worm. Can you see say ray of light above on the mountain?"

"No! but I know where the habitation is. I marked our course by the star just now."

"You talk of stars as if they were old friends. All I know, Wilton, is the north star. When that is gone, I am gone," answered Ambrose.

"Solomon, my dear father, knows me all stars and their places. Alcyon is in the Pleiades, and is the centre of the stellar universe. All stars to astronomers are golden orbs of day-light; the polar star, Thave by Alcyon!"

"I see it. It is one of the six! But do you mean to say that all the stars revolve about Alcyon in Pleiades; and that it is the central sun of the universe?"

"So astronomers teach," answered Wilton; "but there is a wonderful star in the southern direction we must take. It flashed out for a moment from behind the hill-side. It is the planet called Venus."

So they resumed their ascent, and came to a wide, open space with a dwelling upon it half hidden in trees. A faint light gleamed from within the covert of thick foliage at the window.

"This must be the house," said Ambrose.

"Without doubt," answered Wilton. "Let us approach cautiously. But what shriek is that? If Je Isabel I will be boarded forward to the door followed by Ambrose.

But we must now go back a little in order to bring the reader's knowledge of events up to the present crisis.

The day that Isabel had succeeded in enriching by Mark Skelton her letter to Vivien, informing him where she was held in captivity, bondage, her father came to her room and closing the door, said, with a dark brow,

"Have I harbored a traitor? Is not my love, my companionship, my presence enough for you? Whom should a daughter love if not her father? Isabel! all your heart and all your soul, and all your mind should be your father's! Child! child! I can not share your affections with any other. Do you speak! Do not reply! I know all! Son this!"

He held up to her a half a sheet of blotting paper. She recognized it as a leaf from her port-folio.

"It is mine, sir, I believe."

"You—without doubt," he said, sarcastically. "It bills tales—this faithful blotting paper."

"I do not comprehend you, my father."

"No? I will be more explicit, then! I found this sheet beneath your window blown out beneath it by a gust of wind. I need not tell you how jealous I am of all that concerns you. I knew that blotting paper can be read by means of a mirror! I took it to a mirror and read half a dozen lines and parts of others addressed to Vivien Falconer! To the son of a Fisherman! The words breathe devotion—love—affection—such as a daughter should only feel towards a beloved father. I learn from this that you love me not—that——"

"Nay, my dear father. I love and honor you—but——"

She was interrupted by Mr. Shenstone, who said, sternly,

"You must love only me! I cannot consent to your divided affection. As for Vivien Falconer, I begin to feel he is a serpent whom I have nourished to sting me! If I had but him remain an ignorant fisherman he would have been despised now by you. But in giving him an education I have made him my rival!"

"Your rival!"

"Yes—my rival! You love him! He loves you, or you would never have written such a letter to him!"

Isabel's proud spirit was fairly kindled. Her fine eyes flashed and she said.

"Sir, I do love Vivien! I honor him! I can love you also, my father! But I cannot submit to this imprisonment. I am guarded and watched, and kept in captivity. This ought not so to be. It will make me—you—make me hate you, my father! If you oppose my love for Vivien you will render me wretched! I love him with all my heart!"

"Enough! Him whom you love with all your heart, dies!"

"You will not harm him?"

"I will not let live the man who shares with me your heart! Shall another's arms thus embrace encircle you! Shall another's hand smoothe your shining hair! Shall another's mouth breathe into your ears words of fondness! Shall another's eyes gaze into yours with tenderness! Shall the lips of another than your father press your own! Shall the gaze of others be drunk with the glory of your beauty! Can I bear to have you sing to others! to smile on others! No, no! I am a miser of your charms, my daughter! I begrudge no man who would steal between me and your love!"

"Love? Love, my dear father, is free and unrestrained. Love is not a slave to obey tyranny! This is not the way to make me love—only the basest love! I love you very much, as my friend, my trimmer,' and the same hour conducted for the last near Lisbon. It was a happy day in the lovers, now bride and bridegroom, as they sat in the stern of the sailing-vessel and watched the brilliant scene of land and water, sky and cloud, around them. It was twilight when they landed at the door of the house on the island; and great was the joy of Mary when she was told that she welcomed Isabel as a bride.

A few days passed, and Vivien still remained on the island. Mr. Shenstone had not been heard from, nor seen since the night of Isabel's rescue from his dangerous power.

"At last I am alone, my equal now," said Isabel with a smile, as she walked on the shore of the island and gazed across to the hills of Cuba-head, which appeared stately and beautiful with its surrounding halo of haze and color. "I have no claim on those lands since Mr. Shenstone is not my father! I have come to you, as I would have come, Vivien, poor!"

"And made me rich with your love, dearest Isabel! Now I wish to tell you why I have asked you to walk with me! To-morrow I am going to the city to——"

"And not without me, Vivien! Not a step without your side!"

"But you know I am, as you said but now, poor, and I must now put my hand to the wheel."

"And I will help to turn it, Vivien," she answered pleasantly.

"But I had not completed my profession—I have no means to give you a home?"

"Where you have one, my heart can find a pillow—upon your arm if necessary."

Vivien drew her to his heart.

He was surely perplexed what to do with his beautiful wife. He was too proud to let her reside dependent on Ambrose, with Mary, opened heart and house to them; and he was too poor to take her to the city.

"I will say with Ruth to Naomi," added Isabel, finally, "whom thou goest I will go—where thou dost I will die. Dearest, you must not deny me your generous friendship! I can sew and embroider, and while you are working I can tell you a story and sing; and together we will keep care outside the door!"

"We may have to live in a poor wretched place. I cannot make you share what privations I, myself, must meet!" said Vivien, with a sigh.

"If you live even in an attic—a garret, Vivien, and I am only there to share it with you we will make it a palace! Love can entwist golden garlands out of flax. One can still shine brilliantly into a garret as into a palace. We will call the cobwebs gossamer hangings; and the rafts wreaths of flowers! We will be as moonlight that pen dent. Then I shall have you all to myself!"

"I dare not commonly yield to such a life of privation, sweet wife! Before me I see trials and perplexities, poor, perhaps. You must obey your husband. This is a secret shelter, though humble, from the storms of life. Let me go forth and encounter alone. I shall have more courage when you are not!"

"And what sort of wife—help-meet, dear Vivien, would I be to you, letting you share alone your trouble? No—a wife is not a moonlight that prevents all from being dark, and God meant women to be helpers! Children are born to increase and share his sorrow! We must all be Eves to help our Adamos to bear the life of life. No—where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will! Think not to go without me?"

"You are given to me—and to embarrass me but to be my guardian angel," said Vivien, with tenderness. "Isabel, my wife—I will not let you go with me. I know your noble spirit will enable me to bear up, and that I can lean on your strength—your affection and love."

"Then we go together?"

"Yes, dear wife."

"When?"

"To-morrow next. Ambrose goes then to town. Where shall we go, perhaps you will ask. What think you of a little room in the inn where we were married?"

"It would be a home with you! How neat all was! Clean and comfortable, though poor—palatial-ables—all humble but one!"

"Then you are resolved to be pleased, I see, my wife. Well, that inn is to be our haven for a time! Till fortune smiles on us! I can get a small bed-room there, and Ambrose and Antonio can occasionally call and see us, and so we shall often hear from Mary. Mary always has a kind message! you can reign all the luxuries you have been accustomed to!"

"Love—dearest Vivien—love!" she answered, looking upon him with all her fond soul in her beautiful eyes. Though she was a bride of an hour, Eden she would have followed Adam forth to share his toil. She was a woman, a wife, ready to cast away life, as well as all my happiness, and receive death with him. Love will not speak of it. His name shall no more be named.

They were now near the cottage. Mary looking out, came home, and welcomed them with a cry.

"You look sad, dear children," said Mary, with the glance of a mother's experience.

"No—we are going to the city to narrow together! You shall see what this naughty world is made of," answered Isabel.

"Not with my consent!"—said Ambrose.

"Nor mine!" answered Mary.

"I must go, dear parents," answered Vivien, taking her hand to his heart. "I solemnly told you my mind about living on your bounty."

"Will you make us angry—will you grieve us?"

"No, dear father. But I have a wife! If I cannot support, I cannot consent that she should."

"Indeed, I will not let Vivien go alone," answered Isabel, smiling at him. "I will not be a clog to him. Indeed, I love my husband more. He is going to the city to battle for my subsistence. I shall be by his side to encourage him. I will not be a clog to him. Two hearts and two hands are better than one in the battle of life, I think."

"And where to go?" said Ambrose, touchingly. "To the inn. I asked the host if he could accommodate me with a room, and he said 'yes,' with two if I wished, and at a low rent. So I have resolved to go and live there. Isabel and I, said we can see how fortune's wind blows."

Good Ambrose and Mary said much more to dissuade them, but finding they were firm and independent, they reluctantly consented that they should depart on Monday.

"My cousin is a fair man and honest," answered Ambrose as the four entered the cottage; "and so

THE CAPTAIN SEIZING ISABEL AT THE ORDER OF MR. SHENSTONE.

CHAPTER IX.

The last chapter left our hero and heroine on board the vessel on the way to the city. They reached it just as the day broke. Ambrose had a cousin in town, who kept a small inn near the water side, where he usually stopped when he should ever night away from his home. To the humble hotel our party at once proceeded; and were welcomed into the smiled parlor while Ambrose went for a minister who lived near at hand.

In the presence of Ambrose, of mine host, and his family, Vivien and Isabel were united in holy matrimony," and the same hour conducted for the latest near Lisbon. It was a happy day in the lovers, now bride and bridegroom, as they sat in the stern of the sailing-vessel and watched the brilliant scene of land and water, sky and cloud, around them. It was twilight when they landed at the door of the house on the island; and great was the joy of Mary when she was told that she welcomed Isabel as a bride.

A few days passed, and Vivien still remained on the island. Mr. Shenstone had not been heard from, nor seen since the night of Isabel's rescue from his dangerous power.

"At last I am alone, my equal now," said Isabel with a smile, as she walked on the shore of the island and gazed across to the hills of Cuba-head, which appeared stately and beautiful with its surrounding halo of haze and color. I have no claim on those lands since Mr. Shenstone is not my father! I have come to you, as I would have come, Vivien, poor!"

"And made me rich with your love, dearest Isabel! Now I wish to tell you why I have asked you to walk with me! To-morrow I am going to the city to——"

"And not without me, Vivien! Not a step without your side!"

"But you know I am, as you said but now, poor, and I must now put my hand to the wheel."

"And I will help to turn it, Vivien," she answered pleasantly.

"But I had not completed my profession—I have no means to give you a home?"

"Where you have one, my heart can find a pillow—upon your arm if necessary."

Vivien drew her to his heart.

He was surely perplexed what to do with his beautiful wife. He was too proud to let her remain dependent on Ambrose, with Mary, opened heart and house to them; and he was too poor to take her to the city.

"I will say with Ruth to Naomi," added Isabel, finally, "whom thou goest I will go—where thou dost I will die. Dearest, you must not deny me your generous friendship! I can sew and embroider, and while you are working I can tell you a story and sing; and together we will keep care outside the door!"

"We may have to live in a poor wretched place. I cannot make you share what privations I, myself, must meet!" said Vivien, with a sigh.

"If you live even in an attic—a garret, Vivien, and I am only there to share it with you we will make it a palace! Love can entwist golden garlands out of flax. One can still shine brilliantly into a garret as into a palace. We will call the cobwebs gossamer hangings; and the rafts wreaths of flowers! We will be as moonlight that pen dent. Then I shall have you all to myself!"

"I dare not commonly yield to such a life of privation, sweet wife! Before me I see trials and perplexities, poor, perhaps. You must obey your husband. This is a secret shelter, though humble, from the storms of life. Let me go forth and encounter alone. I shall have more courage when you are not!"

"And what sort of wife—help-meet, dear Vivien, would I be to you, letting you share alone your trouble? No—a wife is not a moonlight that prevents all from being dark, and God meant women to be helpers! Children are born to increase and share his sorrow! We must all be Eves to help our Adamos to bear the life of life. No—where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will! Think not to go without me?"

"You are given to me—and to embarrass me but to be my guardian angel," said Vivien, with tenderness. "Isabel, my wife—I will not let you go with me. I know your noble spirit will enable me to bear up, and that I can lean on your strength—your affection and love."

"Then we go together?"

"Yes, dear wife."

"When?"

"To-morrow next. Ambrose goes then to town. Where shall we go, perhaps you will ask. What think you of a little room in the inn where we were married?

"It would be a home with you! How neat all was! Clean and comfortable, though poor—palatial-ables—all humble but one!"

"Then you are resolved to be pleased, I see, my wife. Well, that inn is to be our haven for a time! Till fortune smiles on us! I can get a small bed-room there, and Ambrose and Antonio can occasionally call and see us, and so we shall often hear from Mary. Mary always has a kind message! you can reign all the luxuries you have been accustomed to!"

"Love—dearest Vivien—love!" she answered, looking upon him with all her fond soul in her beautiful eyes. Though she was a bride of an hour, Eden she would have followed Adam forth to share his toil. She was a woman, a wife, ready to cast away life, as well as all my happiness, and receive death with him. Love will not speak of it. His name shall no more be named.

They were now near the cottage. Mary looking out, came home, and welcomed them with a cry.

"You look sad, dear children," said Mary, with the glance of a mother's experience.

"No—we are going to the city to narrow together! You shall see what this naughty world is made of," answered Isabel.

"Not with my consent!"—said Ambrose.

"Nor mine!" answered Mary.

"I must go, dear parents," answered Vivien, taking her hand to his heart. "I solemnly told you my mind about living on your bounty."

"Will you make us angry—will you grieve us?"

"No, dear father. But I have a wife! If I cannot support, I cannot consent that she should."

"Indeed, I will not let Vivien go alone," answered Isabel, smiling at him. "I will not be a clog to him. Indeed, I love my husband more. He is going to the city to battle for my subsistence. I shall be by his side to encourage him. I will not be a clog to him. Two hearts and two hands are better than one in the battle of life, I think."

"And where to go?" said Ambrose, touchingly. "To the inn. I asked the host if he could accommodate me with a room, and he said 'yes,' with two if I wished, and at a low rent. So I have resolved to go and live there. Isabel and I, said we can see how fortune's wind blows."

Good Ambrose and Mary said much more to dissuade them, but finding they were firm and independent, they reluctantly consented that they should depart on Monday.

"My cousin is a fair man and honest," answered Ambrose as the four entered the cottage; "and so

long as he is sold punctually he will be your fast friend, and ever ready for you; but if you put on an air he will be a hard case. But we must see on the hour he is to meet him.

"Now for counter of your purse, dear father, but by no hands and industry," answered Vivien with the courage and hope of youth.

Let the readers glide with us over a period of six months after this conversation, and instead of themselves with us in two scenes that are lovingly and happily sketched together, a small table separating them, in a neat, plainly-furnished apartment in the "Bismarck Inn," for such was the new appellation which some host, in the summer's counsel, within a few weeks past, bestowed upon his domiciliation in the port of New York.

It was a room in the second story, and two dormer windows in narrower recesses looked out, one upon the narrow smooth street, with now and then a passing citizen, the other upon the harbor with its vessels at the wharf and at anchor in the stream, and lights here and there, showing that the steamers on board kept effort watch in port as well as on shore. The room was small and low in the ceiling and had a coarse carpet in front of the bedstead, three plain chairs, a table, and two or three other articles of domestic adaptation.

Upon the table, which was in the middle of the room, were a few law-books, an ink-stand, paper, and a recently engaged pen, and Vivien sat herein in the centre of the table and shed its sheeny light upon the head of a young man who was at the moment engaged in counting the lines on the large sheet of foolscap manuscript before him. On the left, and occupying the number with the lines of a column in the magazine, which the person on the other side of the table was reading, lay a

"I make just thirty-six lines to my manuscript, dear wife!" said the counter of the lines to his wife. Mr. looking up and casting his fine eyes upon the face engaged in the task of "Now! lovely it was. What a fair brow and noble eyes! What a perfect mouth and chin! What a magnificent mouth—proud and passate, and full of beauty and feeling! "How many do you count?" Ann his good friend with admiration, upon the beautiful feature, as if his soul was absorbed more in the contemplation of her loveliness than in the task. She, also, in looking up, let her earnest and glistening eyes rest lovingly upon his face, almost forgot her, and their expression seemed to say—"How noble-looking—how handsome he is!" As if a moment's indifference of the kind could be forgiven she answered—

"I counted seventy-two lines in the printed column, dear Vivien."

Thirty-four!" They interchanged glances of sweet love and confidence; and Vivien tapping her hand across the table with his fine-finger, smiled his lover for his pale and handsome face, whose heart glad, and said, calculatingly—

"Seventy-two! Twice thirty-six, and seventy-two! So two pages of my writing will make just a column of the magazine?"

"But are your lines, dearest Vivien, just the width of the printed ones?"

"That must be seen, to wise with! Let me count all the words in seven up of mine, and you count the words in seven of the printed."

"I make nine words to a line, averaging."

"And I but seven. This word is the best way is for me to copy seven or eight of the printed lines in my ordinary hand-writing, to see how it will compare."

For a moment or two they were silent. Vivien wrote and Isabel counted the words which she had dropped at her husband's request, in order to count the lines.

"I make nine lines out of seven in print. I write very sprawling, Isabel. So for every seven lines in the magazine I must write nine, and I am to pay me one dollar a column!"

"How are you going to get it? Are you to prepare a journal have the conscience to offer such a price for contributions?" said Isabel, wearily.

"I must take what they offer, were it half a dollar; and they know it well enough."

"What is the story, Vivien, you are writing?"

"It is a legend of the Pirate's Isle. It will make nine columns of the magazine, I suppose, when it appears."

"His fallen only—for three days and nights' writing, Vivien?"

"You are rich, dear wife, or were, and shall not have to write to you, for a while, that I can't well pay our board for one week—long my son, poor and poor, and leave the rest to another's love to care for you on Sunday."

Isabel sighed. She felt that her husband was trying to make light of his narrow condition.

"Vivien," thought she, "is to come our winter support!—whose fortune I have been the way over beyond our more board!"

She then thought of her father, ruther her mother, and his vast wealth, and sighed that fortune so unequally distributed the gifts of the world. She pointed out her marriage! Vivien was the sole account of her love—to her heart the only world in which she existed. With her love on the side she was willing to endure any suffering—undergo all privations that the future had in store for her. She escaped from the dreadful slavery to which her step-father had subjected her, and began to feel the sweet love of a noble and self-sacrificing husband, she wished for no change, only for his sake! She sat and looked at him as he wrote, and as he forgot her needle in regarding his pen in its rapid flight across the page. His noble and handsome forehead, his shone white and spirit-like in the glare of the candle, and beneath his dark eyes and his fine mouth flames of genius in the act of creating—of genius giving to airy nothings of the brain.

It was luxurious and delicious.

He soon began to feel the influence of her eyes upon him, perhaps, unconsciously, for looking quickly up, in the midst of a line, he smiled upon her and said—

"Isabel, you are trying, I see, to read my thoughts."

"I did read it, dear husband!"

"And what was it?"

"Love!—love—sometimes for me. In every line you put you see 'this is for my wife.' This I write to make her happy in her and make her feel that the pressure home she has to me."

"How truly you speak, Isabel! I think only of you! I would be happy in the world that I am not of my heart it what I wrote therewith would bring you comforts. We will yet be happy. In another year I will complete my studies and in the year following I hope to realize something by my profession. I shall then gradually grow in fame and wealth, and prosper by and by I may be so proud as to place you as mistress of one of the best residences in the city. Who knows? Love, ambition, resolution can accomplish all things!"

His fine eyes beamed with love and energy; they were filled with tears as if she had dissolved dissolving beneath their life. She rose up, drew near to him, kissed him, and bidding him good night, retired into a small room, not larger than a ship stateroom. He followed her with his eyes, and as she closed the door and disappeared, he recommenced his task, laid down his pen with an air abandoned, pressed his hand upon his pale brow, and leaned his head upon the table over the manuscript written with blood!

"My my blood! He—was on the paper, but it was with the life blood of the heart he wrote. We have said the very best both noble thinking and best conduct! Yes. But their fine facet were marked more with intellectual beauty than with the beauty of high heaven. Their eyes were brilliant but their cheeks were pale. The transparent richness of her lips was the merit of slow fever rather than the flower of blooming healthiness.

His mother had passed since their marriage. During that time Vivien had by day pursued his law studies in the office of Burr, and by night in the little room of the Inn worked with his pen, writing for magazines to support himself and young wife.

Vivien was enabled to meet his weekly board bill and by great contribution obtain a few comforts for his beloved wife. He panted to achieve his profession, hoping to obtain business through Mr. Burr who was taken ill. His office was closed. Vivien a few days afterwards heard to his grief that the counsellor had died suddenly, on an island opposite the city.

"It was my good!" soiled Isabel, softly.

"He had nothing. All men kept aloof from him. No man would give him business. He was a perfect and odd child! What a simplicity! What a mouth—proud and passate, and full of beauty and feeling! "How many do you count?" Ann his good friend with admiration, upon the beautiful feature, as if his soul was absorbed more in the contemplation of her loveliness than in the task. She, also, in looking up, let her earnest and glistening eyes rest lovingly upon his face, almost forgot her, and their expression seemed to say—"How noble-looking—how handsome he is!" As if a moment's indifference of the kind could be forgiven she answered—

"I counted seventy-two lines in the printed column, dear Vivien."

Thirty-four!" They interchanged glances of sweet love and confidence; and Vivien tapping his hand across the table with his fine-finger, smiled his lover for his pale and handsome face, whose heart glad, and said, calculatingly—

"Seventy-two! Twice thirty-six, and seventy-two! So two pages of my writing will make just a column of the magazine?"

"But are your lines, dearest Vivien, just the width of the printed ones?"

"That must be seen, to wise with! Let me count all the words in seven up of mine, and you count the words in seven of the printed."

"I make nine words to a line, averaging."

"And I but seven. This word is the best way is for me to copy seven or eight of the printed lines in my ordinary hand-writing, to see how it will compare."

For a moment or two they were silent. Vivien wrote and Isabel counted the words which she had dropped at her husband's request, in order to count the lines.

"I make nine lines out of seven in print. I write very sprawling, Isabel. So for every seven lines in the magazine I must write nine, and I am to pay me one dollar a column!"

"How are you going to get it? Are you to prepare a journal have the conscience to offer such a price for contributions?" said Isabel, wearily.

"I must take what they offer, were it half a dollar; and they know it well enough."

"What is the story, Vivien, you are writing?"

"It is a legend of the Pirate's Isle. It will make nine columns of the magazine, when it appears, I suppose."

"His fallen only—for three days and nights' writing, Vivien?"

"You are rich, dear wife, or were, and shall not have to write to you, for a while, that I can't well pay our board for one week—long my son, poor and poor, and leave the rest to another's love to care for you on Sunday."

Isabel sighed. She felt that her husband was trying to make light of his narrow condition.

"Vivien," thought she, "is to come our winter support!—whose fortune I have been the way over beyond our more board!"

She then thought of her father, ruther her mother, and his vast wealth, and sighed that fortune so unequally distributed the gifts of the world. She pointed out her marriage! Vivien was the sole account of her love—to her heart the only world in which she existed. With her love on the side she was willing to endure any suffering—undergo all privations that the future had in store for her. She escaped from the dreadful slavery to which her step-father had subjected her, and began to feel the sweet love of a noble and self-sacrificing husband, she wished for no change, only for his sake! She sat and looked at him as he wrote, as he forgot her needle in regarding his pen in its rapid flight across the page. His noble and handsome forehead, his shone white and spirit-like in the glare of the candle, and beneath his dark eyes and his fine mouth flames of genius in the act of creating—of genius giving to airy nothings of the brain.

It was luxurious and delicious.

He soon began to feel the influence of her eyes upon him, perhaps, unconsciously, for looking quickly up, in the midst of a line, he smiled upon her and said—

"Isabel, you are trying, I see, to read my thoughts."

"I did read it, dear husband!"

"And what was it?"

"Love!—love—sometimes for me. In every line you put you see 'this is for my wife.' This I write to make her happy in her and make her feel that the pressure home she has to me."

"How truly you speak, Isabel! I think only of you! I would be happy in the world that I am not of my heart it what I wrote therewith would bring you comforts. We will yet be happy. In another year I will complete my studies and in the year following I hope to realize something by my profession. I shall then gradually grow in fame and wealth, and prosper by and by I may be so proud as to place you as mistress of one of the best residences in the city. Who knows? Love, ambition, resolution can accomplish all things!"

His fine eyes beamed with love and energy; they were filled with tears as if she had dissolved dissolving beneath their life. She rose up, drew near to him, kissed him, and bidding him good night, retired into a small room, not larger than a ship stateroom. He followed her with his eyes, and as she closed the door and disappeared, he recommenced his task, laid down his pen with an air

"Do not let this tyrant see your secret tears! Let him not know he hurts us! Put a bright face on it, wife!"

"I will, Ambrose, I will try to!"

"Let us be busy. We have no home now but the world. We have no place of rest to be on board. The good God will find us a home!"

"We can go to Vivien and Isabel!"

"They have but one floor to the two, and not a crumb to share; even to have a bird. I will not be a burden to my son-in-law, nor kin, nor kin, blow wind as they will!"

In less than half an hour, aided by old Diggon, Ambrose had his little furniture, his nest and other articles, piled up on the deck of the two Reed. The deepening twilight concealed the tears Mary shed, and the sighs of anger in Ambrose's grim as they sailed away from a home which had been that of his childhood and that of his fathers for many generations.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE WAGER;

OR,

KATHY BERRY'S TRIUMPH.

Kathy Berry had been away at the Elmville Young Ladies' Seminary two years, and when she was returned, at last, "finished," in her friends' estimation, the girls all crowded to see her. Grandma Berry, with whom Kathy had lived since the death of her parents, had been very fond of her grandchild, and was glad to see us; and we were regularly invited to a reception to be given at seven o'clock in the afternoon, and to end at sunset or later according to the absence or presence of beaux.

Kathy was a pretty girl, and had been highly signalized by some adventures. Something had been talked about, and reported, of a Mr. Ashton which Emilie Howard had received from her aunt Caroline Hall, and we were anxious to find out all about it.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and we adjourned from the parlor to the cool shade of the thick shade of the locusts was most inviting. We gathered in little groups, some on the grass, some on the benches and the grass-carpet, in pale ones, Kathy and Emilie sitting on the sofa of the latter, and under the tuition of Mademoiselle Devral, and, as we supposed, had taken private lessons besides.

"Oh, you Kathy, do tell us about the French Count, first of all," added one more impatient than the rest.

"The French Count!" answered Kathy, opening her fan and looking at him, "he is not the only one we had."

"Ah! Miss Kathy, it's of no use to pretend ignorance. You know what we mean, very well and so, I see, you are determined to tease us. Therefore, you are so very kind to tell us, and you may as well spend out."

"Well, then, for the sake of knowing Mrs. Grimshaw," said Kathy, drawing up her slight figure with dignity, and we saw him sign to the band to meddle with my affairs; but please tell me what she wrote."

"Little Graves can tell you," chimed a half-dozen voices. "She is Eunice Howard's cousin, and lives in Mrs. Grimshaw's house."

"What was it, Elsie?" said Katharine.

"Why, she answered that—that—Lord summer Mrs. Grimshaw wrote, a gentleman arrived at the Exchange Hotel, in Elmville. He was very tall, and dark, and had piercing black eyes, and moustaches that hid his mouth, except when he smiled, and then he showed beautiful white teeth. He dressed elegantly, and was accompanied by a black servant. He signed everything in full, and we could not learn from the register—that he owned his own vessel, and was traveling through the United States, to see the country, and become acquainted with the people. All the gentlemen became very fond of him, and invited him to dinner to their wives and daughters and sisters; and Mrs. Grimshaw was not intended to be outdone, and all the best beaux and parties given for him. Mrs. Grimshaw had a party at her house, and he and played billiards and drank wine with the young men. In short, nobody had ever made half such a sensation in Elmville, and was talked about for days."

"All true, so far," said Kathy. "Go on."

"Well, Mrs. Grimshaw wrote further, that the Count—that was his name—had left the city and the nation in Elmville strove very hard to monopolize the Count—that he was continually invited to dine, and that he once on a time challenged his brother, followed him about, and was with him so much that he got very much annoyed, and called a shadow. But, that the Count had his eyes open, and was not to be taken in by any humbug, just as pretty as either Jane or Sarah Benedict, and that when Ambrose would ask him to go to his sister's, he had been in the habit of saying, 'ah, no excuse, let us go to vessel. I'll be so sad so tonight. Let my fellow go to the theatre together, and I will tell upon the procession of young ladies from his vessel, and he will give the band music to the other side of the street, and that after viewing this exhibition of beauty, and grace, and sweetness, etc., he would be overwhelmed with sadness, and that the regards upon one like Katharine Berry, to whom he felt himself attracted, and that he loved her, and, despite all the vigilance of the Principal and teachers, did proceed to carry on a correspondence with Katharine Berry's violent flirtation much to the discomfiture of one Henry Johnstone, who was Katharine's accepted lover, and upon the amiable position of the lady's accepted lover, Katharine glanced, and, looking very much annoyed, and for several weeks, and Miss K. R. imbued with a sense of the merits of her apparently favored admirer, and the Count was left free with him, he sat down and wrote him a letter, which was in the most deadly sublimities his attentions, and shortly thereafter he was left to his own property," answered the next honor of Count D'Epinay, and further the declaration of his love for Miss Kathy Berry, and the knowledge and belief she having been craftily informed that such was the case, that Kathy not only knew of the Count's love for him also, but by her wicked flirting, but her former lover, the affianced and Harry Johnstone."

"Is that all?" said Kathy, languidly.

"Why, indeed, I think," answered Ellie Graves somewhat chagrined that her story had made so little impression upon her principal auditor, "exactly. I pack up and put our things on board the vessel."

"But no here! Three men already have my permission to take possession, for your own term is up to-day."

"You will not be so prompt with them, I hope Mr. Shenstone," said the landlord, who looked surprised at this summary and angry process.

"I shall not ask your opinion, sir, as to my acts in regard to my own property," answered the new proprietor sternly.

Mary sat in the door weeping. Ambrose entered and kissing her said,

"I am not going to be insulted by any one. I am not going to be insulted by any one. I am not going to be insulted by any one.

GRANDPAPA AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR A FAMILY MEETING.

We are coming ! we are coming !
What a merry band ! ha, ha, ha !
Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming,
We are coming, Grandpapa !

Here are Sleepy, by the dozen ;
Here are Mopsy, half-a-score !
Hetchey, sister, mine and cousin,
We are coming, coming more !

We are coming ! Willie, Lucy,
Anne and Lizzie, two and two ;
Frank and Robert, little Susy,
We can find no room for you.

We are coming ! Edward, Johnny,
Harriet, Richard, George, Louise ;
Lads and lasses, kids enough,
All are coming—what a squeeze !

We are coming ! Don't you hear us?
What a glorious noise we make !
Grandchildren, you well may fear us,
With your housemate and cake.

We are coming ! O believe us
Happy, joyful, glad, hurrah !
In your eyes, your welcome see us,
With your blessing, Grandpapa !

THE TWO OFFERS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"A contented mind is a continual feast." The words fell, half unconsciously, from the lips of a young girl, who stood in the door of her father's cottage and looked out upon the pleasant farm.

It was a lovely scene on which her eyes rested. Across the road, and before the house, a fine orchard sloped down to the pasture, where the flocks and herds of Milton Ainslie were grazing. At her right hand a smooth, level stretch of green-sward, with an old well-sweep rising toward the sky, her smiling in the afternoon sunlight, and a little to the left a garden that had been planted by her own hands filled the air with fragrance. Old Rover, the house-dog, stretched at her feet, wagging his feathery tail, and trying, vainly, to catch her eye, but for once he was unheeded.

A fair, open, smiling face, had Sarah Ainslie naturally, and now it was illumined by a frown, and the dark blue eyes looked half sad, half angry.

"A contented mind is a continual feast," she repeated, impatiently. "No father often tells me, and I suppose it must be true, for so many people have that here. I cannot be contented in this lonely spot, and I am willing I don't like to live on a farm. It is weary work."

"Sally, I want you," said a pleasant voice in the house.

She turned away with a fretful sigh.

"Yes, that is always the way. I almost hate the sound of my own name. Why can't they call me Sarah?"

She went into the kitchen with a lagging step, fully expecting to be set at some household task. But her mother sat in her great easy chair and her father lying on the settee at the side. Two open letters were on the little round stand before them, and both were looking very grave.

"Come here, Sally," said her mother. "Sit down beside us. We wish to talk with you."

The girl sat down on a low footstool beside her father, and laid her head down beside his. He stroked her brown hair, fondly.

"You are now eighteen years old, Sally," said her mother. "Quite a young woman. I was married at that age, Sally."

"And you are the picture of your mother, Sally, as I saw her on her wedding day," said the old man, fondly.

"Other people besides us have seen that you are a woman," resumed her mother, after exchanging an affectionate look with her husband. "Here, on this table before me, are two offers of marriage for you."

"For me, mother?"

Sally started up now, with looks full of interest.

"Yes, for you."

"Let me see them. Who are they from, mother?"

"One is from John Grant."

The girl's face was suffused with a deep crimson flush.

"The other, from old Mr. Lovelace, the millionaire."

She was pale now, as death. She held out her hand for the letters. Her mother gave them to her, and watching her narrowly, saw that the young farmer's was read first.

It was a kind, honest, manly letter. The young man asked for their daughter as if she was the most precious gift on earth. He wrote without a doubt of her love, and spoke of it as a thing of course, with a delicate, but firm, assurance that he would be her protector, and her husband.

But the old man wooed the girl in a different strain. He said little of his love, but spoke eloquently of the splendid city home she would have, of his bride, of the diamonds she should wear, and the proud aristocratic circle over which she should reign. The girl's cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled as she read. The glow at her heart faded away in the glitter of the costly promises, and she laid the letters back upon the table with an air that showed her mind was fully made up.

Well, my daughter," said her mother, gently. Sally shook off the hand that rested on her head.

"Mother, I like John Grant very much; but only as a friend, I think. I don't want to marry him."

The old man started to his feet.

"What ! is Sally that is speaking so ? Is it my girl that has encouraged me to believe that she loves her, and now casts me off like a worthless thing, because an old dotard, rich enough to be her grandfather, offers her a few pieces of colored glass? Sally—I——"

"Husband!"

The gentle hand laid upon his arm, and the gentle eyes that met his own, arrested the angry. He sat down again and sighed heavily.

"Well, Sally, I have always said you should marry to please yourself, and I'll keep my word. Not another word will I say against it. But remember, my child, your love for me must be in it; and mark my words, you will run the day when you marry merely for riches. You will find out that I should see a daughter of mine——"

He checked himself, and rushed out of the room. He had taken an unwise course. The girl might have been won over by gentleness, but now all the pride of her nature rose up within her at her father's words. Her mother sighed as she looked at her, and felt that all persuasions would be useless now.

"Sally, you little know what marriage is," she said at last. "I am afraid it is the gold and not the man you covet. Think for a moment. Can you love, honor and obey him?"

The girl's proud lip curled scornfully.

"Can you bear to spend your whole life with him—to give him all your thoughts, all your love —can you be true to him, my child, and cling to him as he is adversely as prosperity? Think seriously."

"Mother, I will try."

But the girl's face was averted, and her voice trembled. Mrs. Ainslie sighed, but the next moment her face brightened as she saw her husband coming round one long the fence, as if disdaining the gate, and come up to the door.

"Here comes one who can, perhaps, do more towards changing your resolution than I," she said. "I will leave you to talk to him."

Sarah looked up as her mother left the room, and there upon the threshold stood John Grant, his fine face glowing with hope and pleasure.

"Oh, this is well," she exclaimed, and springing to her feet, she would have left the room. But he stopped her.

"Why, Sarah, how is this?" he asked, playfully. "You are not going to run away from me, just because I have spoken out plainly what my heart has long should, are you? It has been hard waiting for a your back, and you were so kind and pleasant to me last Sunday night, that I thought I must try my fate at once."

The young girl groaned at the recollection of that Sunday night, so full of innocent happiness.

"Let me pass," she said, coldly.

"Not I, till you tell me what is the matter," he answered, taking both her hands in his. "If you wish to free them, but he held them fast.

"It is because I was vexed, last night, when you stopped in the dance, to let old Simon Lovelace fix the rosebud in your hair? Come—I will confess that I was angry. I might be more patient you better For me to be jealous of the old man, was perhaps natural enough. But you pleased me and fled me so again. Only say you will be mine, and be my little pet—for whom I could spoil you, I like—and I will be happy."

"Never?" she echoed, looking up in his face with a dreary smile. "And yet you have greater cause than ever, to be angry with me now."

The young man started back, as if he had got a blow. "Sarah, you were not serious?"

"I am going to marry Mr. Lovelace!" she replied, firmly.

There was no need of freeing her hands now—he dropped them of his own accord, and stood looking at her in silence.

"And so you have been trifling with me for a year back," he exclaimed, in anger. "Laughing in your sleeve at your poor dupe, I have no doubt, and stealing your trap for the withered old miser. Woman, if I had not loved you so dearly, and truly, I could hate you as I would hate a fiend. You never know what you have done. But you will be your curse. I shall be with you in your splendid home, and everything you see there shall remind you of the man you have ruined. Here is your picture," he added, fiercely, tearing it from his neck. "Take it, and the ring that went with it, since you have sold so well. Or let it lie there. He flung it upon the floor as he spoke, and turned away.

"May God forgive you!" he said, as he turned at the door to take a last look at the fair face that had been mirrored in his ruin. "May God forgive you, and pity me!"

She lifted the despised picture from the floor, and gazing at it in the smiling innocence of the face, forced from hers as that moment, but it in her bosom, and burst into tears. But when her mother entered, she was calm, and saying, simply,—

"I shall marry Mr. Lovelace, mother," went to her own room.

The marriage was a dreary one. The old farmer kept his word, and said nothing more against it. His daughter's choice, but she read clearly in his clear blue eye. And when the vows were all spoken, and she turned away from her husband to hide her face upon her mother's breast, and hear her last, fond blessing, she wished with all her heart that she might die there, and never live.

But death comes oftenest to the happy. Sarah tried to love her husband—she was grateful—and to fail to him for the elegant home in which he placed her, and the jewels he lavished with, but she could not to deck his young bride. But sometimes, when she stood in a gay and fashionable crowd, blazing with diamonds, and the envy of half the young matrons of her country home would come up suddenly before her, and the words she had uttered in the most eventful day, seemed written in letters of fire before her tortured eyes. "I shall marry Mr. Lovelace, mother," went to her own room.

The marriage was a dreary one. The old farmer kept his word, and said nothing more against his

GOD BLESS THEM.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The sunset wind blows o'er the snow
And sweeps along the lea;
There's misery all the year man's done,
There's wretchedness at sea.
And many a soul will pass away
And many a one through life endure
Ere rule's the heart without the light
Of hope, to keep it sure.

There are chilled forms at night, and sick,
That hunger not 'round a fire
Where smiling faces cheerful speak
Of gladness and desire.
And many a one can come to sigh
And greet them with these cries
And in their hearts renew the light
Of hope, to keep them wise.

God bless the sailor on the sea!
God bless the soldier, too!
God bless the homes where poverty
His grizzled head will rear!
God bless all of my fellow men
And stand come from the skies to
For man's the heart without the light
Of hope, to keep it wise.

FOREST SKETCHES—NO. 22.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DURLAY.

A DUCKING ADVENTURE.

One morning, saw what I supposed to be a flock of ducks fly over the house, and called to Uncle Abner if they had such fowls about in that section. He said yes, plenty of them; only not such ducks as we had upon the Atlantic board. They were small, and apt to have a sort of smoky look to their plumage, which could be most easily not only palatable, but really fine eating. He assured us that Hanney would be sure to fix them fit for a king.

My next question was, whether he thought we could find some if we went after them; and to this his answer was equally satisfactory. He could take us to a place where we should be sure to find some.

After this we were not long in agreeing upon the sport for the day. We prepared our guns, took dried and provisions for dinner, and then set out. Our best took one of his "boys" along to help Hinzben to paddle the boat. This "boy" was a big lump of a darkey, named Sambo, about twenty years of age, and blacker, if possible, than our own Fito. He was a comical genius, full of fun, and withal a faithful fellow.

We had not reached the edge of the bayou, where the boat was secured, when Fitzclem declared that he saw a duck.

"Hi—Mas' Ben—gub us yar gun!" he cried, dancing about in his impatience like a wild man. "Dah sa yer gun, an' I'll get de boat."

"You hain't seen no duck," said Ben.

"Ye' ain't, Mas' Ben; I'll tell a darkey when a duck yar may make a dunk-pole ob 'em—ya yaw, yaw!"

Ben gave up his gun, and Fito darted off through an opening in the underbrush, where he had seen the duck go. We hurried to the edge of the bayou as the old fellow rushed along, and presently we heard the report of his gun. In a few moments more he returned, with the sword rolling down his face—the gun in one hand, and in the other a bird.

"Dar! look, ol' pa; dat yer fit nibbelthree!" he cried, shaking his gun in the air. "What yer call dat, yer great mount'n ob fish? Tell dis ole darkey him can't find a dunk! Go 'long wid yo. What yer call dat?"

Ben eyed upon the bird which Fito shook so excitingly in his face, but he could not speak. He could only clap both hands upon his diaphragm and roar outright.

By this time we had all seen the old Fito's duck, and each another occasion of laughing at our honest never heard. The intense pride and pomp of our darkey in his supposed duck, and in the triumphant manner in which he swung the prize aloft, afforded about the most ludicrous picture I ever beheld.

"Tain't a duck?" finally burst from Ben's lips; he has straightened up by a mighty effort, and bent over again to ease the shaking of his fat sides.

"Ey gittl gosh! You yer tell me dat a duck? You don't know nuff'n!" exclaimed Fito, indignantly. "Mass' Dain', what you call dis ere bird, sah?"

"What is it?" gasped Uncle Abner, straining with all his power to overcome his laughter that was upon him, sufficiently to allow of his speaking. "Why—that's a—hain't—no—no—"

His, he, ho, oh-o-o-o-oh! Ya-ha-a-a-ah! It's one of—my old—dad hain't!"

And so it was. The poor thing had wandered away from the house, and Fitzclem had found it. The darkey had heard no sign but the report of the guns, and there were entirely different from the ducks upon the eastern shores, and he had supposed that this was one of them, sure enough.

"Well—sure! he look like—yer needn't tell us it. By golly gosh, de ole darkey, an' I don't half as yon alive long, den you say ole Fitzclem neither catch a duck!"

But the laughter was not to be restrained so easily.

"Say, Fito," cried Ben. "If ye keep that duck long enough she'll lay ye some eggs. She'll lay it."

All the better that she will lay. She fell in Ben's bowl, but he was too nervous to aim straight, and the pilot passed clear of the bird, and it swam on and went into the water.

This circumstance put an to good humor, and long after we had entered the boat and pushed from the shore, burst after burst of laughter rang out over the marshy waters of the bayou.

We'll have to pull out of this place before we say "Jack my pan," said Ben, at length. For we could see there was an arm of the bayou which has upon one side a few flat shore covered with tall reeds, and there are some tender roots there which the ducks love to feed on.

So the two darkeys pulled away, and in the course of half to three-quarters of an hour we entered the bayou where, over just as it reached the sea. We entered upon the northern side, while the shore where we hoped to find our game, if we found there feeding, was to the southward, so we kept upon the opposite shore as we could, so as not to disturb the game as we passed. In this manner we had reached the edge of the reeds, and were moving slowly along, when Quimbo saw a whole cloud of the tall grass, about four rods ahead, which seemed to be made by something working in the roots. We got our guns in readiness—all cocked and at the shoulder—and then moved cautiously along.

"We'll have to take 'em on the wing," said Uncle Abner, "or be ready."

We had come very nearly opposite to the spot where the motion of the reeds had been observed, when our host whispered for us to "stand by," and then he gave an alarm.

In an instant a dozen ducks sprang into the air, while we could see that more were running off through the reeds. We all fired together, and more than half of the birds dropped. The boat was pushed into the banks, and after some fifteen minutes spent in paddling and tugging over the mud, we succeeded in securing seven of the ducks. They were fat and plump, and gave promise of a savory dish.

Having gained the clear water once more, and loaded up again, we pulled out into the bayou before, up the bayou. We were liable to start up more game at any moment, so we were prepared. Of course, the way up the shore we got another shot, and this time succeeded in securing seven beautiful birds. But this shot was followed by nothing more for a long time. Between large patches of reeds seemed to have their very roots in the water, which places so much as to afford a chance for a shot.

We could not see bottom. We finally reached another broad opening in the bayou, and within five minutes afterwards we started up a flock of ducks, and the varmint's gun.

At the sound of the rifle all three of the alligators disappeared, and we came around and came to our boat, which, after repeated efforts we managed to get right. But she was full of water. However—we had our hats and caps, and while Quimbo watched for the alligators we commenced to bail out the boat.

But the reader may be assured that the position was by no means a pleasant one. For some time we were obliged to bail without resting any of our weight upon the edge of the boat, for the moment we did so under she went. Finally, however, we got enough out so that we could help support ourselves by the gunwale, and bail at the same time.

But the mutual labor was nothing. The idea of our being helpless monsters—that at any moment we might be seized by the legs and drawn under forever—was most fearful. I could read the terror upon the faces of my companions, and I know they could read the same on mine. Every motion of the clinging, black alligator's legs was a thrill of horror to my heart, and I expected every moment to feel the fatal grip, or to see some of my companions disappear.

But at the boat aount half bailed out, when a shout of alarm from Quimbo startled us from our work. We turned and saw two alligators coming for us. Quimbo, as he spoke, sprang out of the boat, and struck off through the reeds. We all fired together, and more than half of the birds dropped. The boat was pushed into the banks, and after some fifteen minutes spent in paddling and tugging over the mud, we succeeded in securing five of the ducks. They were fat and plump, and gave promise of a savory dish.

Having gained the clear water once more, and loaded up again, we pulled out into the bayou before, up the bayou. We were liable to start up more game at any moment, so we were prepared. Of course, the way up the shore we got another shot, and this time succeeded in securing seven beautiful birds. But this shot was followed by nothing more for a long time. Between large patches of reeds seemed to have their very roots in the water, which places so much as to afford a chance for a shot.

We could not see bottom. We finally reached another broad opening in the bayou, and within five minutes afterwards we started up a flock of ducks, and the varmint's gun.

At the sound of the rifle all three of the alligators disappeared, and we came around and came to our boat, which, after repeated efforts we managed to get right. But she was full of water. However—we had our hats and caps, and while Quimbo watched for the alligators we commenced to bail out the boat.

But the reader may be assured that the position was by no means a pleasant one. For some time we were obliged to bail without resting any of our weight upon the edge of the boat, for the moment we did so under she went. Finally, however, we got enough out so that we could help support ourselves by the gunwale, and bail at the same time.

But the mutual labor was nothing. The idea of our being helpless monsters—that at any moment we might be seized by the legs and drawn under forever—was most fearful. I could read the terror upon the faces of my companions, and I know they could read the same on mine. Every motion of the clinging, black alligator's legs was a thrill of horror to my heart, and I expected every moment to feel the fatal grip, or to see some of my companions disappear.

But at the boat aount half bailed out, when a shout of alarm from Quimbo startled us from our work. We turned and saw two alligators coming for us. Quimbo, as he spoke, sprang out of the boat, and struck off through the reeds. The faithful fellow had managed to keep his head together, having coolness enough after we began to work on the boat, and he now gave us a alarm of them towards the alligators. The reptiles quickly rolled them, and then as quickly made off. We saw the result of Quimbo's shot, and we saw that it was a fatal one to the game.

I must acknowledge that I was growing weak; I was shaking, and my heart was in my throat. There was something in that continuous, overpowering drowsy of being seized from beneath the water, and dragged down to death, that beat strained, and made the boat sake. As we worked on the boat, we kept